

THE APPROACH TO LIFE

A SELECTION OF ENGLISH PROSE

With Biographical and Critical Notes

BY
DIWAN CHAND SHARMA

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P R E F A C E

It is not easy to compile a book of extracts of English prose, and it is only those who attempt it who know the difficulties and the work it involves. In its final form the table of contents seems to be so simple and easy of achievement, but behind it lies a wearisome tale of experiment and adventure; of experiment with the favourites that are acknowledged great on all hands and of adventures with those whom one would like to include in their favoured company. If one sticks only to the old favourites, one is stigmatized as a dull pedant, and if one favours only the new arrivals, one is apt to be styled a rash innovator. One has therefore to strike a balance between the old and the new. An anthology of prose, especially for the use of students, must be a compromise.

One thing should be always borne in mind by the editor and that is that no extract should be included which would not make the reading thereof a pleasure in itself. In other words, the extracts should be so selected as to conduce to the enjoyment of the reader. There are some who think that reading is a kind of intellectual exercise and discipline for students and that the element of pleasure should not be emphasized, but such people belong to a school of thought which is almost discredited today. It is now believed, on the other hand, that learning should not be something painful, but something that is pleasure-giving; and bearing this in mind only those authors have been included who have given pleasure to their readers. For this reason writers like Ruskin, Charles Lamb, William Hazlitt, Lord Macaulay, Tagore and several others are represented by appropriate extracts in this collection.

Most of these writers are great masters of English prose and almost every one of them is a worthy practitioner of it; and by reading them one cannot fail to become familiar with the harmony of prose!

Yet the pleasure that is aimed at here is not an end in itself. It is intended to be a kind of stimulus to the reader's imagination, intellect, heart and conscience. It would be a dull person indeed who, after reading most of these extracts, does not feel a kind of intellectual and moral glow. Arnold Bennett in his *Journals* refers to some books that used to stimulate his creative impulses and it is to be hoped that most of these extracts will lead to the clarification of ideas on many subjects and will engender a proper attitude of mind towards many vital problems. While on the one hand the student may learn many things that are of immediate interest for him, on the other hand he will imbibe many ideas that should stand him in good stead afterwards. He will therefore find this book to be of great practical interest, practical not in a low, utilitarian sense, but in a high and noble sense.

Again, another use to which this book can be put is this, that many of its essays can be made the basis of discussion. Skill in controversy was at one time an essential part of education in this country and there is no reason why it should not be practised again, in these days of democracy. Moreover, it cannot be gainsaid that students love to argue, to dispute and to discuss, and for this purpose, too, many of these extracts should be helpful. They will provide them with convenient subjects for discussion and with arguments that may be amplified or controverted.

Apart from these, the book can be used as the basis of language study. Let students mark the words, the

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turns of phrase, the construction of sentences and the formation of paragraphs in these extracts with a view to learning the art for themselves. At the same time, the book contains choice specimens of almost every kind of prose, descriptive, expository and emotive, and by reading it the student can claim familiarity with many kinds of style.

Brief biographical and critical notes have been added. The meanings of various words and the explanation of difficult passages have not been included as a student should find these himself, with or without the help of his teachers.

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D. C. S.

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PART I

THE ART OF LIVING

I

A GENTLEMAN

BY JOHN RUSKIN

A GENTLEMAN's first characteristic is that fineness of structure in the body, which renders it capable of the most delicate sensation; and of structure in the mind which renders it capable of the most delicate sympathies—one may say, simply, 'fineness of nature.' This is, of course, compatible with heroic bodily strength and mental firmness: in fact, heroic strength is not conceivable without such delicacy. Elephantine strength may drive its way through a forest and feel no touch of the boughs; but the white skin of Homer's Atrides would have felt a bent rose-leaf, yet subdue its feeling in glow of battle, and behave itself like iron. I do not mean to call an elephant a vulgar animal; but if you think about him carefully, you will find that his non-vulgarity consists in such gentleness as is possible to elephantine nature; not in his insensitive hide, nor in his clumsy foot; but in the way he will lift his foot if a child lies in his way; and in his sensitive trunk, and still more sensitive mind, and capability of pique on points of honour.

And, though rightness of moral conduct is ultimately the great purifier of race, the sign of nobleness is not in this rightness of moral conduct, but in sensitiveness. When the make of the creature is fine, its temptations are strong, as well as its perceptions; it is liable to all kinds of impressions from without in their most violent form; liable therefore to be abused and hurt by all kinds of rough things which would do a coarser creature little harm, and thus to fall into frightful

wrong if its fate will have it so. Thus David, coming of gentlest as well as royalest race, of Ruth as well as of Judah, is sensitiveness through all flesh and spirit; nor that his compassion will restrain him from murder when his terror urges him to it; nay, he is driven to the murder all the more by his sensitiveness to the shame which otherwise threatens him. But when his own story is told under a disguise, though only a lamb is now concerned, his passion about it leaves him no time for thought. 'The man shall die'—note the reason—'because he had no pity.' He is so eager and indignant that it never occurs to him as strange that Nathan hides the name. This is a true gentleman. A vulgar man would assuredly have been cautious, and asked who it was.

Hence it will follow that one of the probable signs of high-breeding in men generally, will be their kindness and mercifulness; these always indicating more or less fineness of make in the mind; and miserliness and cruelty the contrary; hence that of Isaiah: 'The vile person shall no more be called liberal, nor the churl said to be beautiful.' But a thousand things may prevent this kindness from displaying or continuing itself; the mind of the man may be warped so as to bear mainly on his own interests, and then all his sensibilities will take the form of pride, or fastidiousness, or revengefulness; and other wicked, but not ungentlemanly tempers; or, further, they may run into utter sensuality and covetousness, if he is bent on pleasure, accompanied with quite infinite cruelty when the pride is wounded or the passions are thwarted.

A truer sign of breeding than mere kindness is therefore sympathy;—a vulgar man may often be kind in a hard way, on principle, and because he thinks he

ought to be; whereas, a highly-bred man, even when cruel, will be cruel in a softer way, understanding and feeling what he inflicts, and pitying his victim. Only we must carefully remember that the quantity of sympathy a gentleman feels can never be judged of by its outward expression, for another of his chief characteristics is apparent reserve. I say 'apparent' reserve; for the sympathy is real, but the reserve not: a perfect gentleman is never reserved, but sweetly and entirely open, so far as it is good for others, or possible, that he should be. In a great many respects it is impossible that he should be open except to men of his own kind. To them, he can open himself, by a word or syllable, or a glance; but to men not of his kind he cannot open himself, though he tried it through an eternity of clear grammatical speech. By the very acuteness of his sympathy he knows how much of himself he can give to anybody; and he gives that much frankly;—would always be glad to give more if he could, but is obliged, nevertheless, in his general intercourse with the world, to be a somewhat silent person; silence is to most people, he finds, less reserve than speech. Whatever he said, a vulgar man would misinterpret: no words that he could use would bear the same sense to the vulgar man that they do to him; if he used any, the vulgar man would go away saying, 'He had said so and so, and meant so and so' (something assuredly he never meant): but he keeps silence, and the vulgar man goes away saying, 'He didn't know what to make of him.' Which is precisely the fact, and the only fact which he is anywise able to announce to the vulgar man concerning himself.

There is yet another quite as efficient cause of the apparent reserve of a gentleman. His sensibility being

constant and intelligent, it will be seldom that a feeling touches him, however acutely, but it has touched him always. It is not that he feels little, but that he feels habitually; a vulgar man having some heart at the bottom of him, if you can by talk or by sight fairly force the pathos of anything down to his heart, will be excited about it and demonstrative; the sensation of pity being strange to him and wonderful. But your gentleman has walked in pity all day long; the tears have never been out of his eyes; you thought the eyes were bright only; but they were wet. You tell him a sorrowful story, and his countenance does not change; the eyes can but be wet still; he does not speak neither, there being, in fact, nothing to be said, only something to be done; some vulgar person, beside you both, goes away saying, 'How hard he is!' Next day he hears that the hard person has put good end to the sorrow he said nothing about;—and then he changes his wonder, and exclaims, 'How reserved he is!'

Self-command is often thought a characteristic of high-breeding; and to a certain extent it is so, at least it is one of the means of forming and strengthening character; but it is rather a way of imitating a gentleman than a characteristic of him; a true gentleman has no need of self-command; he simply feels rightly on all occasions; and desiring to express only so much of his feeling as it is right to express, does not need to command himself. Hence perfect ease is indeed characteristic of him; but perfect ease is inconsistent with self-restraint. Nevertheless gentlemen, so far as they fail of their own ideal, need to command themselves, and do so; while, on the contrary, to feel unwisely, and to be unable to restrain the expression of the unwise feeling, is vulgarity; and yet even then, the vulgarity, at its root, is not in

the mistimed expression, but in the unseemly feeling; and when we find fault with a vulgar person for 'expressing himself,' it is not his openness, but clumsiness; and yet more the want of sensibility to his own failure, which we blame; so that still the vulgarity resolves itself into want of sensibility. Also, it is to be noted that great powers of self-restraint may be attained by very vulgar persons when it suits their purposes.

Two years ago, when I was first beginning to work out the subject, and chatting with one of my keenest-minded friends (Mr. Brett, the painter of the Val d'Aosta in the Exhibition of 1859), I casually asked him, 'What is vulgarity?' merely to see what he would say, not supposing it possible to get a sudden answer. He thought for about a minute, then answered quietly, 'It is merely one of the forms of Death.' I did not see the meaning of the reply at the time; but on testing it, found that it met every phase of the difficulties connected with the inquiry, and summed the true conclusion. Yet, in order to be complete, it ought to be made a distinctive as well as conclusive definition; showing what form of death vulgarity is; for death itself is not vulgar, but only death mingled with life. I cannot, however, construct a short-worded definition which will include all the minor conditions of bodily degeneracy; but the term 'deathful selfishness' will embrace all the most fatal and essential forms of mental vulgarity.

MODERN GALLANTRY

BY CHARLES LAMB

IN comparing modern with ancient manners, we are pleased to compliment ourselves upon the point of gallantry; a certain obsequiousness, or deferential respect, which we are supposed to pay to females, as females.

I shall believe that this principle actuates our conduct, when I can forget, that in the nineteenth century of the era from which we date our civility, we are but just beginning to leave off the very frequent practice of whipping females in public, in common with the coarsest male offenders.

I shall believe in it, when actresses are no longer subject to be hissed off a stage by gentlemen.

- I shall believe in it, when Dorimant hands a fishwife across the kennel; or assists the apple-woman to pick up her wandering fruit, which some unlucky dray has just dissipated.

I shall believe in it, when the Dorimants in humbler life, who would be thought in their way notable adepts in this refinement, shall act upon it in places where they are not known, or think themselves not observed—when I shall see the traveller or some rich tradesman part with his admired box-coat, to spread it over the defenceless shoulders of the poor woman, who is passing to her parish on the roof of the same stage-coach with him, drenched in the rain—when I shall no longer see a woman standing up in the pit of a London theatre, till she is sick and faint with the exertion, with men about her, seated at their ease, and jeering at her dis-

tress; till one, that seems to have more manners or conscience than the rest, significantly declares 'she should be welcome to his seat, if she were a little younger and handsomer.' Place this dapper warehouseman, or that rider, in a circle of their own female acquaintance, and you shall confess you have not seen a politer-bred man in Lothbury.

Lastly, I shall begin to believe that there is some such principle influencing our conduct, when more than one-half of the drudgery and coarse servitude of the world shall cease to be performed by women.

Until that day comes I shall never believe this boasted point to be anything more than a conventional fiction; a pageant got up between the sexes, in a certain rank, and at a certain time of life, in which both find their account equally.

I shall be even disposed to rank it among the salutary fictions of life, when in polite circles I shall see the same attentions paid to age as to youth, to homely features as to handsome, to coarse complexions as to clear—to the woman, as she is a woman, not as she is a beauty, a fortune, or a title.

I shall believe it to be something more than a name, when a well-dressed gentleman in a well-dressed company can advert to the topic of *female old age* without exciting, and intending to excite, a sneer:—when the phrases 'antiquated virginity,' and such a one has 'overstood her market,' pronounced in good company, shall raise immediate offence in man, or woman, that shall hear them spoken.

Joseph Paice, of Bread-Street-Hill, merchant, and one of the Directors of the South Sea Company—the same to whom Edwards, the Shakespeare commentator, has addressed a fine sonnet—was the only pattern of con-

sistent gallantry I have met with. He took me under his shelter at an early age, and bestowed some pains upon me. I owe to his precepts and example whatever there is of the man of business (and that is not much) in my composition. It was not his fault that I did not profit more.

Though bred a Presbyterian, and brought up a merchant, he was the finest gentleman of his time. He had not one system of attention to females in the drawing-room, and *another* in the shop, or at the stall. I do not mean that he made no distinction. But he never lost sight of sex, or overlooked it in the casualties of a disadvantageous situation. I have seen him stand bareheaded—smile if you please—to a poor servant-girl, while she has been inquiring of him the way to some street—in such a posture of unforced civility, as neither to embarrass her in the acceptance, nor himself in the offer, of it.

He was no dangler, in the common acceptance of the word, after women; but he revered and upheld, in every form in which it came before him, womanhood. I have seen him—nay, smile not—tenderly escorting a market-woman, whom he had encountered in a shower, exalting his umbrella over her poor basket of fruit, that it might receive no damage, with as much carefulness as if she had been a countess. To the reverend form of Female Eld he would yield the wall (though it were to an ancient beggar-woman) with more ceremony than we can afford to show our grandmas. He was the Preux Chevalier of Age; the Sir Calidore, or Sir Tristan, to those who have no Calidores or Tristans to defend them. The roses, that had long faded thence, still bloomed for him in those withered and yellow cheeks.

He was never married, but in his youth he paid his addresses to the beautiful Susan Winstanley—old Winstanley's daughter of Clapton—who dying in the early days of their courtship, confirmed in him the resolution of perpetual bachelorship. It was during their short courtship, he told me, that he had been one day treating his mistress with a profusion of civil speeches—the common gallantries—to which kind of thing she had hitherto manifested no repugnance—but in this instance with no effect. He could not obtain from her a decent acknowledgement in return. She rather seemed to resent his compliments. He could not set it down to caprice, for the lady had always shown herself above that littleness.

When he ventured on the following day, finding her a little better humoured, to expostulate with her on her coldness of yesterday, she confessed, with her usual frankness, that she had no sort of dislike to his attentions; that she could even endure some high-flown compliments; that a young woman placed in her situation had a right to expect all sorts of civil things said to her; that she hoped she could digest a dose of adulation, short of insincerity, with as little injury to her humility as most young women; but that—a little before he had commenced his compliments—she had overheard him by accident, in rather rough language, rating a young woman, who had not brought home his cravats quite to the appointed time, and she thought to herself, 'As I am Miss Susan Winstanley, and a young lady—a reputed beauty, and known to be a fortune—I can have my choice of the finest speeches from the mouth of this very fine gentleman who is courting me—but if I had been poor Mary Such-a-one *naming the milliner*,—and had failed of bringing home the cravats

to the appointed hour—though perhaps I had sat up half the night to forward them—what sort of compliments should I have received then?—And my woman's pride came to my assistance; and I thought, that if it were only to do *me* honour, a female, like myself, might have received handsomer usage; and I was determined not to accept any fine speeches to the compromise of that sex, the belonging to which was after all my strongest claim and title to them.'

I think the lady discovered both generosity, and a just way of thinking, in this rebuke which she gave her lover; and I have sometimes imagined, that the uncommon strain of courtesy, which through life regulated the actions and behaviour of my friend towards all of womankind indiscriminately, owed its happy origin to this seasonable lesson from the lips of his lamented mistress.

I wish the whole female world would entertain the same notion of these things that Miss Winstanley showed. Then we should see something of the spirit of consistent gallantry; and nò longer witness the anomaly of the same man—a pattern of true politeness to a wife—of cold contempt, or rudeness, to a sister—the idolater of his female mistress—the disparager and despiser of his no less female aunt, or unfortunate—still female—maiden cousin. Just so much respect as a woman derogates from her own sex, in whatever condition placed—her hand-maid, or dependant—she deserves to have diminished from herself on that score; and probably will feel the diminution, when youth, and beauty, and advantages, not inseparable from sex, shall lose of their attraction. What a woman should demand of a man in courtship, or after it, is first—respect for her as she is a woman;—and next to that—to be respected by him

above all other women. But let her stand upon her female character as upon a foundation; and let the attentions, incident to individual preference, be so many pretty additaments and ornaments as many, and as fanciful, as you please—to that main structure. Let her first lesson be with sweet Susan Winstanley—to *reverence her sex*.

III

ON KEEPING FIT

A THIRD LEADER FROM *The Times*

THOSE who find themselves about the middle of the evening in London streets (comparatively unfrequented at that hour) sometimes become aware of a pattering sound which suggests neither the ordinary human tread nor the sound of horses. Presently lightly-clad youths dash past, legs flashing bare, feet rubber-shod; earnest members of some athletic club training under difficulties. It needs courage, and a certain imperviousness to satire, to career about the streets of London, even at night, in running shorts. The fact that men will do it, and do it at the end of a day of toil, is significant of the lengths to which they will go in search of physical fitness. They have their more conspicuous competes, who submit themselves to an iron discipline for a boat-race or a boxing contest. These are able to make their training something of a whole-time occupation, and possibly find no little consolation in the fact that their agonies are endured more or less in the eye of an adoring public.

But all have one trait in common. They are inspired by the thought of some approaching crisis. It is there, fixed and specific, to be slaved for and fought through, giving promise of eventual relaxation and enjoyment of the fruits of victory. A much greater measure of determination is wanted when there is no such lodestar. That is the problem of those whom the numbing hand of time or circumstance holds back from high physical endeavour. Even for them there is no lack of hope, and elderly men perform prodigies of Spartan and

Berserk valour before open windows on chilly mornings, or practise on the bathroom floor feats calculated to keep them contortionists at seventy.

The wonder is that those who will go through so much for physical fitness do not see the wider implications of their philosophy. For there is a fatness of the mind and spirit which is no less afflicting to its victim and no less unsightly to the beholder than the fatness of body which they so assiduously shun. The man who will spend a wealth of thought on taking inches off his waist-measurements forgets altogether the greater need of keeping within bounds his mental and moral girth. Here and there perchance may be found some

gray spirit yearning in desire,
To follow knowledge like a sinking star.

But the man is rare who will deliberately read metaphysics or Blue-books ^{plans} on local taxation, not of course for pleasure, but as a mental gymnastic. *Exercise.*

There are perhaps still fewer who will face a similar effort for the fitness of the moral self: who strive to make it a 'lean long-walker', and ^{active personality} to keep it from degenerating into a comfortable creature of the deep arm-chair. But it can be done. Boy Scouts are enjoined to do their one good deed a day, with liberty, it is presumed, to exceed the minimum. Philosophers have advocated, for the training of the will, the doing daily something that one hates the thought of doing. This is ^{certainly} admittedly a ^{great} high, cold world of effort. There will be none of the warmth and colour, none of the inspiration, of a definite and dated contest ^{before} before applauding crowds. There will be no crown, not even a wreath of wild olive. ^{not a crown or wreath} The fitness to be sought is no temporary, *ad hoc* excellence, but an unremitting and

unassuming exercise of faculty according to the best that is in it. It is as true as ever that this kind goes not out by prayer and fasting. There is no relief from the need of the 'painful practice' which Pericles paradoxically disclaimed for his wonderful Athenians. And, last blow of all, there must not even be any very profound satisfaction in the success of the effort. That way lies a spiritual pride which undoes everything.

But if the virtue of this fitness must be its own reward, and even at that must remain unclaimed, at least it will not come empty-handed to the fit man's fellows. And, after all, this continuous and general activity of the moral nature at its highest pitch sounds strangely like the Aristotelian definition of happiness.

ON FRIENDSHIP

A THIRD LEADER FROM *The Times*

FRIENDSHIP is above reason, for, though you find 'virtues in a friend, he was your friend before you found them. It is a gift that we offer because we must; to give it as the reward of virtue would be to set a price upon it, and those who do that have no friendship to give. If you choose your friends on the ground that you are virtuous and want virtuous company, you are no nearer to true friendship than if you choose them for commercial reasons. Besides, who are you that you should be setting a price upon your friendship? It is enough for any man that he has the ^{gift of forming friends} divine power of making friends, and he must leave it to that power to determine who his friends shall be. For, though you may choose the virtuous to be your friends, they may not choose you; indeed, friendship cannot grow where there is any ^{consideration of qualifications} calculated choice. It comes, like sleep, when you are not thinking about it; and you should be grateful, without any ^{doubt} misgiving, when it comes. Thank full

So no man who knows what friendship is ever gave up a friend because he turns out to be disreputable. His only reason for giving up a friend is that he has ceased to care for him; and, when that happens, he should reproach himself for this mortal poverty of affection, ^{love} not the friend for having proved unworthy. For it is ^{A cruel pride} inhuman presumption to say of any man he is unworthy of your friendship, just as it is to say of any woman, when you have fallen out of love with her, that she is unworthy of your love. In friendship and in love we are always humble, because we see that a free gift has

been given to us: and to lose that humility because we have lost friendship or love is to take a pride in what should shame us.

We have our judgments and our ^{publishments} penalties as part of the political mechanism that is forced upon us so that we may continue to live; but friendship is not friendship at all unless it teaches us that these are not part of our real life. They have to be; and we pay men, and clothe them in wigs and ^{red gown} scarlet, to sit in judgment on other men. So we are tempted to play this game of judgment ourselves, even though no one has paid us to do it. It is only in the warmth of friendship that we see how cold a thing it is to judge and how stupid to take a pleasure in judging; for we recognise this warmth as a positive good, a richness in our natures, while the coldness that sets us judging is a poverty. [Just as our criticism of a work of art begins only when we have ceased to experience it, so our criticism of our friends begins only when we have ceased to experience them] when our minds can no longer remain at the height of intimacy. But this criticism is harmless if we know it for what it is, merely the natural reaction, the cold fit that comes after the warm, and if we do not suppose that our coldness is wiser than our warmth.

There are men who cannot be friends except when they are under an illusion that their friends are perfect, and when the illusion passes there is an end of their friendship. But true friendship has no illusions, for it reaches to that part of a man's nature that is beyond his imperfections, and in doing so it takes all of them for granted. It does not even assume that he is better than other men, for there is ^{self-love} egotism in assuming that. A man is your friend, not because of his superiorities, but because there is something open from your nature

to his, a way that is closed between you and most men.

You and he understand each other, as the phrase is; your relation with him is a rare success among a multitude of failures, and if you are proud of the success you should be ashamed of the failure.

There is nothing so fatal to friendship as this egotism of accounting for it by some superiority in the friend. If you do that you will become a member of a set, all, in their assertion of each other's merits, implying their own, and all uneasy lest they are giving more than they get. For if you insist upon the virtues of your friend, you expect him to insist upon your virtues, and there is a competition between you which makes friendship a burden rather than a rest. Criticism then becomes a treachery, for it implies that you are beginning to doubt those superiorities upon which your friendship is supposed to be based. But when no superiorities are assumed, criticism is only the exercise of a natural curiosity. It is because a man is your friend, and you like him so much and know him so well, that you are curious about him. | You are in fact an expert upon him, and like to show your expert knowledge. And you are an expert because in the warmth of friendship his disguises melt away from him, and he shows himself to you just as he is. Indeed, that is the test of friendship and the delight of it, that because we are no longer afraid of being thought worse than we are we do not try to seem better. We know that it is not our virtues that have won us friendship, and we do not fear to lose it through our vices. We have reached that blessed state of being nearer to heaven than anything else in this life, in which affection does not depend upon judgment; and we are like gods, who have no need even to forgive, because they know. It is a rare state, and

never attained to in its perfection. We can approach it only if we know what friendship is and really desire it, and especially if we admire the man who is a friend without ever wondering at his choice of friends or blaming him for his faithfulness to them whatever evil they may do.

HAPPY PEOPLE

BY W. R. INGE

THE wise man who wrote the so-called Proverbs of Solomon says: 'The heart knoweth its own bitterness and a stranger doth not ^{enter very} intermeddle with its joy.' We really know very little about the people whom we meet. We see their faces, which are not much more than masks, but we cannot read their hearts. 'Robert Browning' thanks God that the meanest of his creatures has two soul-sides, one to face the world with, one to show a woman when he loves her. It is only in the intimacy of family life, or in that rare thing, a perfect friendship, that the veil is partially drawn aside. And even then we do not lay bare our hearts entirely.

Who are really the happiest people? It is odd that we have no answer ready; for with most of us happiness is 'our being's end ^{and} aim.' We are sometimes in doubt whether our own balance is on the right side or the wrong. Looking back, I think I can separate the years when I was happy and those when I was unhappy. But perhaps at the time I should have judged differently. We are never either so happy or so miserable as we suppose ourselves to be.

The successful man generally tells us that he was happiest while he was still struggling for his success, or sometimes before he discovered that an ambitious career was open to him. As a rule, the game of life is worth playing, but the struggle is the prize. / 2

It is generally supposed that the young are happier than the old. This seems to me very doubtful. Young people are often very unhappy, torn by conflicting ele-

ments in their characters, which, after a time, come to some kind of a mutual understanding. Robert Browning boldly claims that old age is 'the best of life,' and some old people agree with him.

The married are supposed to be happier than the single. They are certainly less prone to commit suicide; but suicide is not a very good test, and it has been pointed out that married people with no children are not much less suicidally inclined than bachelors and spinsters. Still, as a rule, marriage is probably the happiest state. It all depends on whether the pair are well matched, and very bad choices are, I think, the exception.

On the whole, the happiest people seem to be those who have no particular cause for being happy except the fact that they are so—a good reason, no doubt. And yet I should not choose a naturally contented temperament as my first request from a fairy godmother. It would be unfortunate if I said, 'I wish to be the happiest man in England,' and promptly found myself locked up in an asylum, a cheerful lunatic who believed himself to be the Emperor of China. For all we know to the contrary, the happiest man in England may be a madman, and none of us would wish to change places with him. And even if the always cheerful person is perfectly sane, he is without the ^{ambition} 'splendid spur' which most men need if they are to do much with their lives. George Borrow, the author of *Lavengro*, thus addresses those who suffer from depression: 'How dost thou know that this dark principle is not thy best friend? It may be the mother of wisdom and great works; it is the dread of the horror of the night which makes the pilgrim hasten on his way. When thou feelest it nigh, let thy safety word be Onward! If thou tarry, thou art overwhelmed. Courage! Build great works: 'tis no more

thee—it is ever nearest the favourites of God—the fool knows little of it. Thou would'st be joyous, would'st thou? Then be a fool. What great work was ever the result of joy, the ^{little one} puny one? Who have been the wise ones, the mighty ones, the conquering ones of the earth? The joyous? I believe it not. ^{the whole speech}

This is rhetorical. But I have noticed with surprise how often the biographies of great men reveal that they were subject to frequent and severe fits of depression, which ^{the world knew nothing of}. Perhaps it is only ^{small minds} shallow natures who never feel the tragedy of existence. I can sympathise with the man who wrote: 'Send me hence ten thousand miles, from a face which always smiles.'

And yet those who might take comfort from Borrow's praise of melancholy have to remember that the Sermon on the Mount goes far towards ^{removing} ranking worry as ^{one of the deadly sins}. Spinoza ^{agrees}: Sadness (^{tristitia}) is never justifiable, he says. The medieval monks, who must have known the moral dangers of boredom, placed among the Seven Deadly Sins one which they called Acedia. ^{They describe it as a compound of dejection, sloth, and irritability, which makes a man feel that no good is worth doing.} We have forgotten the word, and when we are attacked by the thing we blame our nerves or our livers. But perhaps the monks were right.

Religion is a great source of happiness, because it gives us the right standard of values, and enables us to regard our troubles as 'a light affliction which is but for a moment.' But the religious temperament is susceptible to more grievous fits of misery than any other.

We hear sometimes of the gaiety which prevails in a monastery or nunnery. I confess that this vivid

spiritual anxiety rather irritates me. Running away from life ought not to make people happy. Unworldliness based on knowledge of the world is the finest thing on earth; but unworldliness based on ignorance of the world is less admirable. *leaves the world*

Very different is the happiness enjoyed by such a saint as the Hindu mystic and Christian missionary, Sadhu Sunder Singh, whose life has just been written by Canon Streeter. It is one of the most fascinating books that I have read for a long time. The Sadhu has undergone every kind of persecution, including two days at the bottom of a well in Tibet, where he found himself among the decaying corpses of former victims. He lives the life of St. Francis of Assisi, and is as happy as that most Christlike of saints. An English parlourmaid announced him to her mistress as follows: 'There's someone come to see you, ma'am. I can't make nothing of his name, but he looks as if he might be Jesus Christ.' I urge my readers to read *The Sadhu*. It will make them feel better—or worse, which is much the same thing in this connection.

To descend from these heights. The busy are happier than the idle, and the man who has found his work much happier than the man who has not found it. Recognition by others is essential to all but the strongest and proudest virtue. I think I should put it third among the gifts which I should ask from the fairy godmother above mentioned. I should wish first for wisdom, like King Solomon; and by wisdom I mean a just estimate of the relative values of things. My second wish would be for domestic happiness, and my third for the approval of my fellows.

Napoleon is said to have recommended 'a hard heart and a good digestion' as the chief conditions of happiness.

I have nothing to say against the second; but a life without affection and sympathy could give only a very negative kind of happiness. *not real*

Can we say that some periods of history were happier than others? Nobody can doubt that we have fallen upon evil times; and it seems to be true that we take public affairs much more tragically than they did in the eighteenth century. Dr. Johnson lived through the American war, the greatest misfortune that has ever happened to the British Empire. But this is how he delivers himself about public calamities. *Boswell*: 'If I were in Parliament, I should be vexed if things went wrong.' *Johnson*: 'That's cant, sir. Public affairs vex no man.' *Boswell*: 'Have they not vexed yourself a little, sir? Have you not been vexed by all the ^{disturbance} turbulence of this reign?' *Johnson*: 'Sir, I have never slept an hour less, nor ate an ounce less meat.'

We are not so philosophical. There must be many thousands of Englishmen who, like myself, were awake all night after the first ominous bulletin about Jutland, which seemed to hint at a great naval disaster. But all through the war, when things were looking bad, I tried to remember another scene from English history. We are told that in the days of the Commonwealth Bulstrode Whitelocke, Ambassador to The Hague, was tossing about through the night in anxiety about the condition of his country. An old servant, lying in the same room, addressed him: 'Sir, may I ask you a question?' 'Certainly,' replied the Ambassador. 'Sir, did God govern the world well before you came into it?' 'Undoubtedly.' 'And will He rule the world well when you have gone out of it?' 'Undoubtedly.' 'Then, sir, can you not trust Him to rule the world well while you are in it?' The tired Ambassador turned on his side and fell asleep.

VI

AMBITION

BY W. R. INGE

Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights, and live laborious days.

I HAVE been reading Lord Ronaldshay's interesting *Life of Lord Curzon*. I knew Lord Curzon only very slightly, at Eton and since, and it may be that his intimate friends resent the popular impression of his character, which no doubt was a complex one—most characters are complex.

But Lord Ronaldshay's book on the whole confirms what I thought about him before—that he was a perfect example of the 'great-souled man' in Aristotle's *Ethics*, the man who 'thinks himself worthy of great things, being really worthy of them.' In other words, he was an honourably but intensely ambitious man. It seems from this book that the close of his life was embittered by his not becoming Prime Minister.

If this is so, and he seems to have made no secret of his disappointment, we have, I think, an explanation of the fact that he was never understood except by his nearest friends. For this kind of ambition is not typical of the English aristocrat to whose class he belonged. I do not suppose that either of the Victorian Lord Derbys, or the great Lord Salisbury, or the late Duke of Devonshire, better known as Lord Hartington, or Arthur Balfour, cared very much whether they were Prime Ministers or not.

The real aristocrat is too disdainful of public opinion to care much. One can fancy Hartington, on being

applauded in the House of Commons, whispering to his neighbour (as a Greek orator did) with a yawn, 'Have I said anything unusually foolish?' Schopenhauer gives us the aristocratic attitude towards popularity: 'Would any musician care much for the applause of his audience if he knew that half of them were stone deaf, and that the other half had been bribed to clap the worst performer?'

Lord Rosebery, I believe, told his friends quite early in life that he intended to do three things—to win the Derby, to marry the richest heiress in England, and to be a Prime Minister. I think I heard this story before he did any of them, but my memory may be at fault. Anyhow, this was not the devouring kind of ambition, but only a kind of game. He would not have been very unhappy if in all three competitions he had remained in the class of 'also ran,' like one of our little allies in the Great War.

A consuming desire for recognition is always a weakness. It distinguishes vanity from pride, which does not care what other people think. 'They say—What say they?—Let them say,' is the proud motto of a college in Scotland. Benjamin Franklin thought that 'it would not be altogether absurd if a man were to thank God for his vanity among the other comforts of life.' But I am not sure that he was right. The vain man is seldom disliked, but he is always laughed at, and he is sometimes sensitive.

The proud aristocrat is apt to be indolent, which Lord Curzon never was. Ambition is like the bunch of carrots which costermongers hang in front of their donkeys' noses: it makes them go. William James estimates that nine-tenths of the work in the world is done by ambition. The man who regards his work as

his play—and this is the way to succeed in life and to be happy—nearly always plays to win. There is no reason why he should not play fairly and good-humouredly. The struggle is really the prize, as it is in every game that is worth playing.

One of the dangers of our civilisation, it seems to me, is that we have a large unambitious class, who only work for their wages, and have no thought beyond amusement. I do not say it is their fault: the prizes may be obviously out of their reach. But if Socialism kills ambition, as it threatens to do, we shall soon be on the down-grade. As the Emperor Tiberius said when he was asked to increase doles and pensions, 'Industry will languish, laziness will increase, if no one has anything to hope or fear from himself. All will look for help from outside, idle themselves, and a burden to us.'

Is the average successful man ambitious? Some great men are mysterious. Until we know why Shakespeare knocked off writing plays at forty-seven, when he was at the height of his genius, we shall never be able to say whether he was ambitious of immortal fame, or whether, as some have been found to aver, he was just a man of business who happened to be able to write better than anyone else.

When Napoleon was a moody and penniless young lieutenant of artillery, we cannot tell whether he ever dreamed of his future career. But when he found the ball at his feet he determined to play the game for all it was worth. He knew well that it was a unique chance. 'I could not replace myself,' he said.

Some men, I imagine, decide quite early that they mean to be a judge, or a bishop, or a Cabinet minister, and drill themselves to behave always as that kind of person ought to behave. Habit is second nature; it

soon becomes easy to them to keep it up; their first nature never appears except when they lose their tempers, or fall in love, or get drunk.

Lord Haldane in his autobiography says that in his experience men who persistently demand things for themselves generally end by getting them. I do not think that I have found it so in my profession. There are some clergymen who are always sitting on the steps of No. 10 Downing Street. They ask for everything that comes along. (How these things leak out I do not know; but they always do leak out.) A few of them get made bishops—not very good bishops as a rule; but most of them are soured and disappointed. The large majority of bishops have never asked for anything, though they may have gone into training for the mitres which were at last to drop on their heads. But I do not think there is too much ambition among the clergy. The ministry of the Church does not now attract men of this type.

A sense of humour is a great safeguard against the danger of wholesome emulation turning into sour ambition. For after all, are not the objects of ambitions rather ridiculous? That the rewards do not go to the right people everybody knows. As Sir William Harcourt said, some get them who do not deserve them, and others deserve them who do not get them. So on the whole, he added, justice is done! If real justice will one day be done, as we are taught to believe, the payment will not be in this world's currency. In another currency perhaps it is more nearly done, even now, than we fancy. Our advice to those beginning the game of life must be: 'Play to win, but don't forget that it is only a game.' Ambition may be the sin by which 'the angels fell'; but by it men arise. Life would be very dull without it.

ON CONVERSATION

BY WILLIAM COWPER

Servata semper lege et ratione loquendi—HoraceYour talk to decency and reason suit,Nor prate like fools or gabble like a brute.

IN the comedy of the *Frenchman in London*, which we were told was acted at Paris with universal applause for several nights together, there is a character of a rough Englishman, who is represented as quite unskilled in the graces of conversation; and his dialogue consists almost entirely of a repetition of the common salutation of 'how do you do?' Our nation has, indeed, been generally supposed to be of a sullen and uncommunicative disposition; while, on the other hand, the loquacious French have been allowed to possess the art of conversing beyond all other people. The Englishman requires to be wound up frequently, and stops as soon as he is down, but the Frenchman runs on in a continual alarum. Yet it must be acknowledged that as the English consist of very different humours, their manner of discourse admits of great variety; but the whole French nation converse alike; and there is no difference in their address between a noble lord and a valet de chambre. We may frequently see a couple of French barbers accosting each other in the street, and paying their compliments with the same volubility of speech, the same grimace and action, as two courtiers on the Tuilleries.¹ facial cut

I shall not attempt to lay down any particular rules for conversation, but rather point out such faults in discourse and behaviour as render the company of half

mankind rather tedious than amusing. It is in vain, indeed, to look for conversation where we might expect to find it in the greatest perfection, among persons of fashion; there it is almost annihilated by universal card-playing: insomuch that I have heard it given as a reason why it is impossible for our present writers to succeed in the dialogue of genteel comedy, that our people of quality scarce ^{hardly} ever meet but to game. All their discourse turns upon the odd trick and the four honours, and it is no less a maxim with the volaries or whist than with those of Bacchus, that talking spoils company.

Everyone endeavours to make himself as agreeable to society as he can; but it often happens that those who most aim at shining in conversation overshoot their mark. Though a man succeeds, he should not (as is frequently the case) engross the whole talk to himself; for that destroys the very ^{spirit} essence of conversation, which is talking together. We should try to keep up conversation like a ball ^{to be used} banded to and fro from one to the other, rather than seize it all to ourselves, and drive it before us like a football. We should likewise be cautious to adapt the matter of our discourse to our company, and not talk Greek to ladies, or of the last new furbelow to a meeting of country justices. ✓

But nothing throws a more ridiculous air over our whole conversation than certain peculiarities easily acquired, but very difficultly conquered and discarded. In order to display these absurdities in a truer light, it is my present purpose to enumerate such of them as are most commonly to be met with; and first to take notice of those buffoons in society, the Attitudinarians and Face-makers. These accompany every word with a peculiar grimace or gesture; they assent with a shrug,

and contradict with a twisting of the neck; are angry by a wry mouth, and pleased in a ^{vanity} caper or ^{movement} minuet step. They may be considered as speaking harlequins; and their rules of eloquence are taken from the posture-master.² These should be condemned to converse only in dumb show with their own persons in the looking-glass; as well as the Smirkers³ and Smilers,⁴ who so prettily set off their faces, together with their words, by a je-ne-sais-quoi between a grin and a dimple. With these we may likewise rank the affected tribe of Mimics, who are constantly taking off the peculiar tone of voice or gesture of their acquaintance, though they are such wretched imitators, that (like bad painters) they are frequently forced to write the name under the picture before we can discover any likeness.

Next to these whose elocution is absorbed in action, and who converse chiefly with their arms and legs, we may consider the Trained Speakers.⁵ And first, the Emphatical, who squeeze, and press, and ram down every syllable with excessive vehemence and energy. These orators are remarkable for their distinct elocution and force of expression: they dwell on the important particles *of* and *the*, and the significant conjunction *and*, which they seem to hawk up with much difficulty, out of their own throats, and to cram them, with no less pain, into the ears of their auditors. These should be suffered only to syringe (as it were) the ears of a deaf man, through a hearing-trumpet; though I must confess that I am equally offended with the Whisperers or Low-speakers, who seem to fancy all their acquaintances deaf, and come up so close to you, that they may be said to measure noses with you, and frequently overcome you with the full exhalations of a stinking breath. I would have these oracular gen-

try obliged to speak at a distance through a speaking-trumpet, or apply their lips to the walls of a whispering-gallery. The Wits, who will not condescend to utter anything but a bon mot, and the Whistlers or Tune-hummers, who never articulate at all, may be joined very agreeably together in concert; and to these tinkling cymbals I would also add the sounding brass, the Bawler, who inquires after your health with the bellowing of a town-crier, ^{man} proclaim actions ^{time} virtues. The Tatlers, whose pliable ^{soft} pipes are admirably adapted to the 'soft parts of conversation,' and sweetly 'prattling out of fashion,' make very pretty music from a beautiful face and a female tongue; but from a rough manly voice and coarse features mere nonsense is as harsh and dissonant as a jig from a hurdy-gurdy. The Swearers I have spoken of in a former paper; but the Half-Swearers, who split, and mince, and fritter ^{scatter} their oaths into ^{by bits} god's bud, ad's fish, and demme, the Gothic Humbuggers, and those who nickname God's creatures, and call a man a cabbage, a crab, a queer cub, an odd fish, and an unaccountable muskin, should never come into company without an interpreter. But I will not tire my reader's patience by pointing out all the pests of conversation; nor dwell particularly on the Sensibles, who pronounce dogmatically on the most trivial ^{uninteresting} points, and speak in sentences; the Wonderers, who are always wondering what o'clock it is, or wondering whether it will rain or no, or wondering when the moon changes, the Phraseologists, who explain a thing by all that, or enter into particulars, with this and that and t'other; and lastly, the Silent Men, who seem afraid of opening their mouth lest they should catch cold, and literally observe the precept of the Gospel, by letting their conversation be only yea, yea, and nay, nay.

The rational intercourse kept up by conversation is one of our principal distinctions from brutes. We should therefore endeavour to turn this peculiar talent to our advantage, and consider the organs of speech as the instruments of understanding: we should be very careful not to use them as the weapons of ^{body} vice, or tools of folly, and do our utmost to ^{forget} unlearn any trivial or ridiculous habits, which tend to lessen the value of such an inestimable prerogative. It is, indeed, imagined by some philosophers that even birds and beasts (though without the power of articulation) perfectly understand one another by the sounds they utter; and that dogs, cats, etc., have each a particular language to themselves, like different nations. Thus it may be supposed that the nightingales of Italy have as fine an ear for their own native woodnotes as any signor or signora for an Italian air; that the ^{birds} boars of Westphalia gruntle as expressly through the nose as the inhabitants in High German; and that the frogs in the dykes of Holland croak as intelligently as the natives jabber their Low-Dutch. However this may be, we may consider those whose tongues hardly seem to be under the influence of reason, and do not keep up the proper conversation of human creatures, as imitating the language of different animals. Thus, for instance, the affinity between Chatterers and Monkeys, and Praters and Parrots, is too obvious not to occur at once; Grunters and Growlers may be justly compared to ^{male pigs} Hogs; Snarlers are Curs that continually show their teeth, but never bite; and the ^{for him, amiably} Spitzire passionate are a sort of wild cats that will not bear stroking, but will purr when they are pleased. Complainers are Screech-Owls; and Story-tellers, always repeating the same dull note, are Cuckoos. Poets that prick up their ears at their own

hideous braying ^{poisonous} are no better than Asses, Critics in general are venomous Serpents that delight in hissing, and some of them who have got by heart a few technical terms without knowing their meaning are no other than Magpies. ^{A bird that sings} I myself, who have crowed to the whole town for near three years past, may perhaps put my readers in mind of a Dung-hill Cock; but as I must acquaint them that they will hear the last of me on this day fortnight, I hope they will then consider me as a Swan, ^{Swan is believed to sing when it dies} who is supposed to sing sweetly at his dying moments.

VIII

ALL ABOUT A DOG

BY A. G. GARDINER ('Alpha of the Plough')

IT WAS a bitterly cold night, and even at the far end of the bus the east wind that raved along the street cut like a knife. The bus stopped, and two women and a man got in together and filled the vacant places. The younger woman was dressed in sealskin, and carried one of those little Pekinese dogs that women in sealskin like to carry in their laps. The conductor came and took the fares. Then his eye rested with cold malice on the beady-eyed toy dog. I saw trouble brewing. This was the opportunity for which he had been waiting, and he intended to make the most of it. He had marked him as the type of what Mr. Wells has called the Resentful Employee, the man with a general vague grievance against everything, and a particular grievance against passengers who came and sat in his bus while he shivered at the door.

'You must take that dog out,' he said with sour venom.

'I shall certainly do nothing of the kind. You can take my name and address,' said the woman, who had evidently expected the challenge and knew the reply.

'You must take the dog out—that's my orders.'

'I won't go on the top in such weather. It would kill me,' said the woman.

'Certainly not,' said her lady companion. 'You've got a cough as it is.'

'It's nonsense,' said her male companion.

The conductor pulled the bell and the bus stopped
'This bus doesn't go on until that dog is brough

out.' And he stepped on the pavement and waited. It was his moment of triumph. He had the law on his side and a busful of angry people under his thumb. His ~~embittered~~ ^{real} soul was having a real holiday.

The storm inside rose high. 'Shameful;' 'Why isn't he in the army?' 'Call the police;' 'Let's all report him;' 'Let's make him give us our fares back;' 'Yes, that's it, let's make him give us our fares back.' For everybody was on the side of the lady and the dog.

That little animal sat blinking at the dim lights in happy unconsciousness of the rumpus of which he was the cause. disturbance.

The conductor came to the door. 'What's your number?' said one, taking out a pocket-book, with a gesture of terrible things. 'There's my number,' said the conductor imperturbably. 'Give us our fares back—you've engaged to carry us—you can't leave us here all night.' 'No fares back,' said the conductor.

Two or three of the passengers got out and disappeared into the night. The conductor took another turn on the pavement, then went and had a talk with the driver. Another bus, the last on the road, sailed by, indifferent to the shouts of the passengers to stop. 'They stick by each other—the villains,' was the comment.

Someone pulled the bell violently. That brought the driver round to the door. 'Who's conductor of this bus?' he said, and paused for a reply. None coming, he returned to his seat and resumed beating his arms across his chest. There was no hope in that quarter. A policeman strolled up and looked in at the door. An avalanche of indignant protests and appeals burst on him. 'Well, he's got his rules, you know,' he said

genially. 'Give your name and address.' 'That's what he's been offered and he won't take it.' 'Oh,' said the policeman, and he went away and took his stand a few yards down the street, where he was joined by two more constables.

And still the little dog blinked at the lights, and the conductor walked to and fro on the pavement like a captain on the quarter-deck in the hour of victory. A young woman whose voice had risen high above the gale inside, descended on him with an air of threatening and slaughter. He was immovable—as cold as the night and hard as the pavement. She passed on in a fury of importance to the three policemen, who stood like a group of statuary up the street watching the drama. Then she came back, imperiously beckoned her 'young man' who had sat a silent witness of her rage, and vanished. Others followed. The bus was emptying. Even the dashing young fellow who had demanded the number, and who had declared he would see this thing through if he sat there all night, had taken an opportunity to slip away.

Meanwhile the Pekinese party were passing through every stage of resistance to abject surrender. 'I'll go on the top,' said the sealskin lady at last. 'You mustn't.' 'I will.' 'You'll have pneumonia.' 'Let me take it.' (This from the man.) 'Certainly not'—she would die with her dog. When she had disappeared up the stairs the conductor came back, pulled the bell, and the bus went on. He stood sourly triumphant while his conduct was savagely discussed in his face by the remnant of the party. *unkind*

and then Then the engine struck work, and the conductor went to the help of the driver. It was a long job, and presently the lady with the dog stole down the stairs

and re-entered the bus. When the engine was put right the conductor came back and pulled the bell. Then his eye fell on the dog, and his hand went to the bell-rope again. The driver looked round, the conductor pointed to the dog, the bus stopped, and the struggle recommenced with all the original features, the conductor walking the pavement, the driver smacking his arm on the box, the little dog blinking at the lights, the sealskin lady declaring that she would *not* go on the top—and finally going.

'I've got my rules,' said the conductor to me when I was the last passenger left behind. He had won his victory, but felt that he would like to justify himself to somebody.

'Rules,' I said, 'are necessary things, but there are rules and rules. Some are hard and fast rules, like the rule of the road, which cannot be broken without danger to life and limb. But some are only rules for your guidance, which you can apply or wink at, as common sense dictates—like that rule about the dogs. They are not a ^{whip} ~~whip~~ put in your hand to scourge your passengers with, but an authority for an emergency. They are meant to be observed in the spirit, not in the letter—for the comfort and not the discomfort of the passengers. You have kept the rule and broken its spirit. You want to mix your rules with a little goodwill and good temper.' ^{and}

He took it very well, and when I got off the bus he said 'Good night,' quite amiably.

IX

ON GOING A JOURNEY

BY WILLIAM HAZLITT

ONE of the pleasantest things in the world is going a journey; but I like to go by myself. I can enjoy society in a room; but out of doors, nature is company enough for me. I am then never less alone than when alone.

The fields his study, nature was his book.

I cannot see the wit of walking and talking at the same time. When I am in the country I wish to vegetate like the country. I am not for criticising hedges and black cattle. I go out of town in order to forget the town and all that is in it. There are those who for this purpose go to watering-places, and carry the metropolis with them. I like more elbow-room and fewer encumbrances. I like solitude, when I give myself up to it, for the sake of solitude; nor do I ask for

. . . . a friend in my retreat,

Whom I may whisper solitude is sweet.

The soul of a journey is liberty, perfect liberty, to think, feel, do just as one pleases. We go a journey chiefly to be free of all impediments and of all inconveniences; to leave ourselves behind, much more to get rid of others. It is because I want a little breathing-space to muse on indifferent matters, where Contemplation

May plume her feathers and let grow her wings,

That in the various bustle of resort

Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd,

that I absent myself from the town for a while, without ;

feeling at a loss the moment I am left by myself. Instead of a friend in a post-chaise or in a Tilbury, to exchange good things with, and vary the same stale topics over again, for once let me have a truce with impertinence. Give me the clear blue sky over my head, and the green turf beneath my feet, a winding road before me, and a three hours' march to dinner—and then to thinking! It is hard if I cannot start some game on these lone heaths. I laugh, I run, I leap, I sing for joy. From the point of yonder rolling cloud I plunge into my past being, and revel there, as the sun-burnt Indian plunges headlong into the wave that wafts him to his native shore. Then long-forgotten things, like 'sunken wrack and sunless treasures,' burst upon my eager sight, and I begin to feel, think, and be myself again. Instead of an awkward silence, broken by attempts at wit or dull common-places, mine is that undisturbed silence of the heart which alone is perfect eloquence. No one likes puns, alliterations, antitheses, argument, and analysis better than I do; but I sometimes had rather be without them. 'Leave, oh, leave me to my repose!' I have just now other business in hand which would seem idle to you, but is with me 'very stuff of the conscience.' Is not this wild rose sweet without a comment? Does not this daisy leap to my heart set in its coat of emerald? Yet if I were to explain to you the circumstance that has so endeared it to me, you would only smile. Had I not better then keep it to myself, and let it serve me to brood over, from here to yonder craggy point, and from thence onward to the far-distant horizon? I should be but bad company all that way, and therefore prefer being alone. I have heard it said that you may, when the moody fit comes on, walk or ride on by

yourself, and indulge your reveries. But this looks like a breach of manners, a neglect of others, and you are thinking all the time that you ought to rejoin your party. 'Out upon such half-faced fellowship,' say I. I like to be either entirely to myself, or entirely at the disposal of others; to talk or be silent, to walk or sit still, to be sociable or solitary. I was pleased with an observation of Mr. Cobbett's that 'he thought it a bad French custom to drink our wine with our meals, and that an Englishman ought to do only one thing at a time.' So I cannot talk and think, or indulge in melancholy musing and lively conversation by fits and starts. 'Let me have companion of my way,' says Sterne, 'were it but to remark how the shadows lengthen as the sun declines.' It is beautifully said, but, in my opinion, this continual comparing of notes interferes with the involuntary impression of things upon the mind, and hurts the sentiment. If you only hint what you feel in a kind of dumb show, it is insipid: if you have to explain it, it is making a toil of a pleasure. You cannot read the book of nature without being perpetually put to the trouble of translating it for the benefit of others. I am for the synthetical method on a journey in preference to the analytical. I am content to lay in a stock of ideas then, and to examine and anatomize them afterwards. I want to see my vague notions float like the down of the thistle before the breeze, and not to have them entangled in the briars and thorns of controversy. For once, I like to have it all my own way; and this is impossible unless you are alone, or in such company as I do not covet.

I have no objection to argue a point with any one for twenty miles of measured road, but not for pleasure.

If you remark the scent of a bean-field crossing the road, perhaps your fellow traveller has no smell. If you point to a distant object, perhaps he is short-sighted, and has to take out his glass to look at it. There is a feeling in the air, a tone in the colour of a cloud, which hits your fancy, but the effect of which you are unable to account for. There is then no sympathy, but an uneasy craving after it, and a dissatisfaction which pursues you on the way, and in the end probably produces ill-humour.

Now I never quarrel with myself, and take all my own conclusions for granted till I find it necessary to defend them against objections. It is not merely that you may not be of accord on the objects and circumstances that present themselves before you—these may recall a number of objects, and lead to associations too delicate and refined to be possibly communicated to others. Yet these I love to cherish, and sometimes still fondly clutch them, when I can escape from the throng to do so. To give way to our feelings before company seems extravagance or affectation; and, on the other hand, to have to unravel this mystery of our being at every turn, and to make others take an equal interest in it (otherwise the end is not answered), is a task to which few are competent. We must 'give it an understanding, but no tongue.' My old friend Coleridge, however, could do both. He could go on in the most delightful explanatory way over hill and dale, a summer's day, and convert a landscape into a didactic poem or a Pindaric ode. 'He talked far above singing.' If I could so clothe my ideas in sounding and flowing words, I might perhaps wish to have some one with me to admire the swelling theme; or I could be more content, were it possible for me still to hear his echoing

voice in the woods of All-Foxden. They had 'that fine madness in them which our first poets had;' and if they could have been caught by some rare instrument, would have breathed such strains as the following:

Here be woods as green
 As any, air likewise as fresh and sweet
 As when smooth Zephyrus plays on the fleet
 Face of the curled stream, with flow'rs as many
 As the young spring gives, and as choice as any;
 Here be all new delights, cool streams and wells,
 Arbours o'ergrown with woodbines, caves and dells;
 Choose where thou wilt, whilst I sit by and sing,
 Or gather rushes to make many a ring
 For thy long fingers; tell thee tales of love,
 How the pale Phoebe, hunting in a grove,
 First saw the boy Endymion, from whose eyes
 She took eternal fire that never dies;
 How she convey'd him softly in a sleep,
 His temples bound with poppy, to the steep
 Head of old Latmos, where she stoops each night,
 Gilding the mountain with her brother's light,
 To kiss her sweetest.

Faithful Shepherdess.

Had I words and images at command like these, I would attempt to wake the thoughts that lie slumbering on golden ridges in the evening clouds: but at the sight of nature my fancy, poor as it is, droops and closes up its leaves, like flowers at sunset. I can make nothing out on the spot: I must have time to collect myself.

In general, a good thing spoils out-of-door prospects: it should be reserved for Table-talk. Lamb is for this reason, I take it, the worst company in the world out of doors; because he is the best within. I grant there is one subject on which it is pleasant to talk on a journey, and that is, what one shall have for supper

when we get to our inn at night. The open air improves this sort of conversation or friendly altercation, by setting a keener edge on appetite. Every mile of the road heightens the flavour of the viands we expect at the end of it. How fine it is to enter some old town, walled and turreted, just at approach of nightfall, or to come to some straggling village, with the lights streaming through the surrounding gloom; and then, after inquiring for the best entertainment that the place affords, to 'take one's ease at one's inn'! These eventful moments in our lives' history are too precious, too full of solid, heart-felt happiness to be frittered and dribbled away in imperfect sympathy. I would have them all to myself, and drain them to the last drop: they will do to talk or to write about afterwards. What a delicate speculation it is, after drinking whole goblets of tea—

The cups that cheer, but not inebriate—
and letting the fumes ascend into the brain, to sit considering what we shall have for supper—eggs and a rasher, a rabbit smothered in onions, or an excellent veal cutlet! Sancho in such a situation once fixed on cow-heel: and his choice, though he could not help it, is not to be disparaged. Then, in the intervals of pictured scenery and Shandean contemplation, to catch the preparation and the stir in the kitchen (getting ready for the gentlemen in the parlour). *Procul, O procul este profani!* These hours are sacred to silence and to musing to be treasured up in the memory, and to feed the source of smiling thoughts hereafter. I would not waste them in idle talk; or if I must have the integrity of fancy broken in upon, I would rather it were by a stranger than a friend. A stranger takes his hue and character from the time and place; he is a part of the

furniture and costume of an inn. If he is Quaker, or from the West Riding of Yorkshire, so much the better. I do not even try to sympathize with him, and he breaks no squares. (How I love to see the camps of the gypsies, and to sigh my soul into that sort of life. If I express this feeling to another, he may qualify and spoil it with some objection.) I associate nothing with my travelling companion but present objects and passing events. In his ignorance of me and my affairs, I in a manner forget myself. But a friend reminds one of other things, rips up old grievances, and destroys the abstraction of the scene. He comes in ungraciously between us and our imaginary character. Something is dropped in the course of conversation that gives a hint of your profession and pursuits: or from having some one with you that knows the less sublime portions of your history, it seems that other people do. You are no longer a citizen of the world; but your 'unhoused free condition is put into circumspection and confine.' The *incognito* of an inn is one of its striking privileges—'Lord of one's self, uncumbered with a name.' Oh! it is great to shake off the trammels of the world and of public opinion—to lose our importunate, tormenting, everlasting personal identity in the elements of nature, and become the creature of the moment, clear of all ties—to hold to the universe only by a dish of sweetbreads, and to owe nothing but the score of the evening—and no longer seeking for applause and meeting with contempt, to be known by no other title than *the Gentleman in the parlour*! One may take one's choice of all characters in this romantic state of uncertainty as to one's real pretensions, and become indefinitely respectable and negatively right-worshipful. We baffle prejudice and disappoint conjecture;

and from being so to others, begin to be objects of curiosity and wonder even to ourselves. We are no more those hackneyed common-places that we appear in the world; an inn restores us to the level of nature, and quits scores with society!

I have certainly spent some enviable hours at inns—sometimes when I have been left entirely to myself, and have tried to solve some metaphysical problem, as once at Witham Common, where I found out the proof that likeness is not a case of the association of ideas—at other times, when there have been pictures in the room, as at St. Neot's (I think it was), where I first met with Gribelin's engravings of the Cartoons, into which I entered at once and at a little inn on the borders of Wales, where there happened to be hanging some of Westall's drawings, which I compared triumphantly (for a theory that I had, not for the admired artist) with the figure of a girl who had ferried me over the Severn, standing up in a boat between me and the twilight—at other times I might mention luxuriating in books, with a peculiar interest in this way, as I remember sitting up half the night to read *Paul and Virginia*, which I picked up at an inn at Bridgewater, after being drenched in the rain all day; and at the same place I got through two volumes of Madame D'Arblay's *Camilla*. It was on the 10th April 1798 that I sat down to a volume of the *New Eloise*, at the inn at Llangollen, over a bottle of sherry and a cold chicken. The letter I chose was that in which St. Preux describes his feelings as he first caught a glimpse from the heights of the Jura of the Pays de Vaud, which I had brought with me as a *bonne bouche* to crown the evening with. It was my birthday and I had for the first time come from a place in the neighbourhood to

visit this delightful spot. The road to Llangollen turns off between Chirk and Wrexham; and on passing a certain point you come all at once upon the valley, which opens like an amphitheatre, broad, barren hills rising in majestic state on either side, with 'green upland swells that echo to the bleat of flocks' below, and the river Dee babbling over its stony bed in the midst of them. The valley at this time 'glittered green with sunny showers,' and a budding ash tree dipped its tender branches in the chiding stream. How proud, how glad I was to walk along the high road that overlooks the delicious prospects repeating the lines which I have just quoted from Mr. Coleridge's poems. But besides the prospect which opened beneath my feet, another also opened to my inward sight, a heavenly vision, on which were written, in letters large as Hope could make them, these four words, LIBERTY, GENIUS, LOVE, VIRTUE; which have since faded into the light of common day, or mock my idle gaze.

The beautiful is vanished, and returns not.

Still I would return some time or other to this enchanted spot; but I would return to it alone. What other self could I find to share that influx of thoughts, of regret and delight, the fragments of which I could hardly conjure up to myself, so much have they been broken and defaced. I could stand on some tall rock, and overlook the precipice of years that separates me from what I then was. I was at that time going shortly to visit the poet whom I have above named. Where is he now? Not only I myself have changed; the world, which was then new to me, has become old and incorrigible. Yet will I turn to thee in thought, O sylvan Dee, in joy, in youth and gladness as thou then wert; and thou shalt always be to me the river of Paradise, where I will drink of the waters of life freely!

There is hardly anything that shows the shortsightedness or capriciousness of the imagination more than travelling does. With change of place we change our ideas; nay, our opinions and feelings. We can by an effort indeed transport ourselves to old and long-forgotten scenes, and then the picture of the mind revives again; but we forget those we have just left. It seems that we can think but of one place at a time. The canvas of the fancy is but of a certain extent, and if we paint one set of objects upon it, they immediately efface every other. We cannot enlarge our conceptions, we only shift our point of view. The landscape bares its bosom to the enraptured eye, we take our fill of it, and seem as if we could form no other image of beauty or grandeur. We pass on, and think no more of it: the horizon that shuts it from our sight also blots it from our memory like a dream. In travelling through a wild barren country I can form no idea of a woody and cultivated one. It appears to me that all the world must be barren, like what I see of it. In the country we forget the town, and in the town we despise the country. 'Beyond Hyde Park,' says Sir Fopling Flutter, 'all is a desert.' All that part of the map that we do not see before us is blank. The world in our conceit of it is not much bigger than a nutshell. It is not one prospect expanded into another, county joined to county, kingdom to kingdom, land to seas, making an image voluminous and vast;—the mind can form no larger idea of space than the eye can take in at a single glance. The rest is a name written in a map, a calculation of arithmetic. For instance, what is the true signification of that immense mass of territory and population known by the name of China to us? An inch of pasteboard on a wooden globe, of no

more account than a China orange! Things near us are seen of the size of life: things at a distance are diminished to the size of the understandings. We measure the universe by ourselves, and even comprehend the texture of our own being only piece-meal. In this way, however, we remember an infinity of things and places. The mind is like a mechanical instrument that plays a great variety of tunes, but it must play them in succession. One idea recalls another, but it at the same time excludes all others. In trying to renew old recollections, we cannot as it were unfold the whole web of our existence; we must pick out the single threads. So in coming to a place where we have formerly lived, and with which we have intimate associations, everyone must have found that the feeling grows more vivid the nearer we approach the spot, from the mere anticipation of the actual impression; we remember circumstances, feelings, persons, faces, names that we had not thought of for years; but for the time all the rest of the world is forgotten! —To return to the question I have quitted above:—

I have no objection to go to see ruins, aqueducts, pictures, in company with a friend or a party, but rather the contrary, for the former reason reversed. They are intelligible matters, and will bear talking about. The sentiment here is not tacit, but communicable and overt. Salisbury Plain is barren of criticism, but Stonehenge will bear a discussion antiquarian, picturesque, and philosophical. In setting out on a party of pleasure, the first consideration always is where we shall go to: in taking a solitary ramble, the question is what we shall meet with by the way. 'The mind is its own place;' nor are we anxious to arrive at the end of our journey. I can myself do the honours in-

differently well to works of art and curiosity. I once took a party to Oxford with no mean *éclat*—showed them that seat of the Muses at a distance,

With glistening spires and pinnacles adorn'd—
descanted on the learned air that breathes from the grassy quadrangles and stone walls of halls and colleges—was at home in the Bodleian; and at Blenheim quite superseded the powdered Cicerone that attended us, and that pointed in vain with his wand to commonplace beauties in matchless pictures. As another exception to the above reasoning, I should not feel confident in venturing on a journey in a foreign country without a companion. I should want at intervals to hear the sound of my own language. There is an involuntary antipathy in the mind of an Englishman to foreign manners and notions that requires the assistance of social sympathy to carry it off. As the distance from home increases, this relief, which was at first a luxury, becomes a passion and an appetite. A person would almost feel stifled to find himself in the deserts of Arabia without friends and countrymen; there must be allowed to be something in the view of Athens or old Rome that claims the utterance of speech; and I own that the Pyramids are too mighty for any single contemplation. In such situations, so opposite to all one's ordinary train of ideas, one seems a species by one's-self, a limb torn off from society, unless one can meet with instant fellowship and support. Yet I did not feel this want or craving very pressing once, when I first set my foot on the laughing shores of France. Calais was peopled with novelty and delight. The confused, busy murmur of the place was like oil and wine poured into my ears: nor did the mariners' hymn, which was sung from the top of an

old crazy vessel in the harbour, as the sun went down, send an alien sound into my soul. I only breathed the air of general humanity. I walked over 'the vine-covered hills and gay regions of France,' erect and satisfied; for the image of man was not cast down and chained to the foot of arbitrary thrones; I was at no loss for language, for that of all the great schools of painting was open to me. The whole is vanished like a shade. Pictures, heroes, glory, freedom, all are fled; nothing remains but the Bourbons and the French people!

There is undoubtedly a sensation in travelling into foreign parts that is to be had nowhere else; but it is more pleasing at the time than lasting. It is too remote from our habitual associations to be a common topic of discourse or reference, and, like a dream or another state of existence, does not piece into our daily modes of life. It is an animated but a momentary hallucination. It demands an effort to exchange our actual for our ideal identity; and to feel the pulse of our old transports revive very keenly, we must 'jump' all our present comforts and connections. Our romantic and itinerant character is not to be domesticated. Dr. Johnson remarked how little foreign travel added to the facilities of conversation in those who had been abroad. In fact, the time we have spent there is both delightful, and in one sense instructive; but it appears to be cut out of our substantial, downright existence, and never to join kindly on to it. We are not the same, but another, and perhaps more enviable individual, all the time we are out of our own country. We are lost to ourselves, as well as our friends. So the poet somewhat quaintly sings:

Out of my country and myself I go.

Those who wish to forget painful thoughts, do well to absent themselves for a while from the ties and objects that recall them; but we can be said only to fulfil our destiny in the place that gave us birth. I should on this account like well enough to spend the whole of my life in travelling abroad, if I could anywhere borrow another life to spend afterwards at home!

PART II

ARTS AND LETTERS

THE PURPOSE OF ART

BY HERBERT SPENCER

THE educational mania, having for its catchwords 'Enlightenment, Information, Instruction,' tends in all ways to emphasize this erroneous identification of mind with intellect; and consequently affects the estimates men make of various mental activities and mental products. Among other results it vitiates their conceptions of Art and the purpose of Art: using the word Art in the sense now generally accepted as comprehensive of all works of creative imagination. In this sphere, as in other spheres, there is under-valuation of the emotional element in mind and over-valuation of the intellectual element.

Merely alluding to the unended controversy concerning dramatic art, which has all along turned upon the question whether the stage representations of life are or are not instructive, as though the production of pleasure were of no account, I may note that in poetry we may see this bringing to the front of thought instead of feeling; instance the dictum of Mr. Matthew Arnold that 'it is by a large, free, and sound representation of things, that poetry, this *high criticism of life*, has truth of substance,' not the arousing of certain sentiments, but the communication of certain ideas is thus represented as the poet's office.

With pictorial representation the like has happened. Artists seek to magnify their office on the ground that art is useful for intellectual culture; that reason being the only one assigned. Years ago my attention was drawn to this mistaken conception by a disquisition

with which Mr. Holman Hunt accompanied an exhibited picture—'Christ in the Workshop' it may have been. The educational value of Art was the theme of his poem. By implication it appeared that it is not enough for a picture to gratify the aesthetic perceptions or raise a pleasurable emotion. It must teach something. The yielding of satisfaction to certain feelings is not regarded as an aim to be put in the foreground, but the primary aim must be instruction. Recently in a lecture delivered before the Ruskin Society of Birmingham by the editor of *The Studio*, I found an expression of the same belief. The words used were: 'The mission of art is to elevate the intelligence and gratify its longings.'

And now the same thing is happening in respect of music. This, too, is to be regarded as an intellectual exercise. It is an appeal to mind; and mind being conceived as intellect it is an appeal to intellect. A composer must write to express not feelings, but enlightening ideas, and the listener must seek out and appreciate these ideas. The avowed theory of Wagner was that the purpose of music is to teach. He held certain conceptions of life and considered his operas as vehicles for those conceptions and as agents for propagating them. Some kindred belief is implied by a distinguished disciple over here, who repudiates the supposition that music is to be conceived simply as a source of pleasure. On another side we see a kindred idea. Musical critics often give applause to compositions as being 'scientific'—as being meritorious not in respect of the emotions they arouse, but as appealing to the cultured intelligence of the musician.

As implied above, I hold these to be perverted beliefs having their roots in the prevailing enormous

error respecting the constitution of mind. In that part of life concerned with music, as in other parts of life, the intellect is the minister and the emotions the things ministered to. Doubtless certain amounts of intellectual perception, implying appropriate culture, are needful for making possible the pleasurable feelings which music is capable of producing. These however, are but means to an end, and it is a profound mistake to regard them as the end itself. An analogy will help us here. Before there can be sympathy there must have been gained some knowledge of the natural language of the emotions—what tones and changes of voice, with facial expressions, what movements of the body, signify certain states of mind. But the knowledge of this natural language does not constitute sympathy. There may be clear perception of the meanings of all these traits without any production of fellow feeling. Similarly, then, with the distinction between the knowledge of musical expression in its complex developments, and the experience of those emotions to which the musical expression is instrumental. Only in so far as its cultivated perceptions form a means to that excitement of the feelings which the composer intended to produce, does the intellect properly play a part; and even then, in playing its indispensable part, it is apt to interfere unduly. Many years ago, in the days when I had free admission for two to the Royal Italian Opera, and when, as mentioned in her life, I frequently took George Eliot as my companion, I remember once remarking to her how much the tendency to analyse the effects we were listening to deducted from the enjoyment of them; my remark calling forth full assent. Consciousness having at any moment but a limited capacity, it results

that part of its area cannot be occupied in one way, without decreasing the area which can be occupied in another way. The antagonism between intellectual appreciation and emotional satisfaction is essentially the same as one which lies at the root of our mental structure—the antagonism between sensation and perception; and it runs up throughout the whole content of mind, rising to such partial conflicts between thought and feeling as those which accompany critical judgments of music.

When we come to the alleged higher meaning of music—to that instruction which a composer is assumed to utter and the listener to comprehend—we have yet further interference with the true end. The intellectual element intrudes still more on the emotional element. In proportion as the listener, instead of being a passive recipient becomes an active interpreter, in that proportion does he lose the kind of consciousness which it is the purpose of the art to produce. If, like Mr. Ernest Newman, he thinks music good in proportion as it ‘adds something to our knowledge of life,’ and, while listening, seeks for such knowledge, he will lose that which the music should give him, and, as I believe, will get nothing instead.

Any culture-effect which may rightly be recognized must be consequent on the excitement of the superior emotions. Music may appeal to crude and coarse feelings or to refined and noble ones; and in so far as it does the latter it awakens the higher nature and works an effect, though but a transitory effect, of a beneficial kind. But the primary purpose of music is neither instruction nor culture, but pleasure; and this is an all-sufficient purpose.

XI

THE BEAUTIFUL

BY JOHN RUSKIN

ANY material object which can give us pleasure in the simple contemplation of its outward qualities, without any direct and definite exertion of the intellect, I call in some way, or in some degree, beautiful. Why we receive pleasure from some forms and colours, and not from others, is no more to be asked or answered than why we like sugar and dislike wormwood. The utmost subtlety of investigation will only lead us to ultimate instincts and principles of human nature, for which no further reason can be given than the simple will of the Deity that we should be so created. We may, indeed, perceive as far as we are acquainted with His nature, that we have been so constructed as, when in a healthy and cultivated state of mind, to derive pleasure from whatever things are illustrative of that nature; but we do not receive pleasure from them because they are illustrative of it, nor from any perception that they are illustrative of it, but instinctively, and necessarily, as we derive sensual pleasure from the scent of a rose. On these primary principles of our nature, education and accident operate to an unlimited extent; they may be cultivated or checked, directed or diverted, gifted by right guidance with the most acute and faultless sense, or subjected by neglect to every phase of error and disease. He who has followed up these natural laws of aversion and desire, rendering them more and more authoritative by constant obedience, so as to derive pleasure always from that which God originally intended should give him pleasure, and

who derives the greatest possible sum of pleasure from any given object, is a man of taste.

This, then, is the real meaning of this disputed word. Perfect taste is the faculty of receiving the greatest possible pleasure from those material sources which are attractive to our moral nature in its purity and perfection. He who receives little pleasure from those sources, wants taste; he who receives pleasure from any other sources, has false or bad taste.

And it is thus that the term 'taste' is to be distinguished from that of 'Judgment' with which it is constantly confounded. Judgment is a general term, expressing definite action of the intellect, and applicable to every kind of subject which can be submitted to it. There may be judgment of congruity, judgment of truth, judgment of justice, and judgment of difficulty and excellence. But all these exertions of the intellect are totally distinct from taste, properly so called which is the instinctive and instant preferring of one material object to another without any obvious reason, except that it is proper to human nature in its perfection so to do.

Observe, however, I do not mean by excluding direct exertion of the intellect from ideas of beauty, to assert that beauty has no effect upon, nor connection with, the intellect. All our moral feelings are so inwoven with our intellectual powers, that we cannot affect the one without in some degree addressing the other; and in all high ideas of beauty, it is more than probable that much of the pleasure depends on delicate and untraceable perceptions of fitness, propriety, and relation, which are purely intellectual, and through which we arrive at our noblest ideas of what is commonly and rightly called 'Intellectual beauty.'

But there is yet no immediate exertion of the intellect; that is to say, if a person receiving even the noblest ideas of simple beauty be asked why he likes the object exciting them, he will not be able to give any distinct reason, nor to trace in his mind any formed thought, to which he can appeal as a source of pleasure. He will say that the thing gratifies, fills, hallows, exalts his mind, but he will not be able to say why, or how. If he can, and if he can show that he perceives in the object any expression of distinct thought, he has received more than an idea of beauty—it is an idea of relation.

Ideas of beauty are among the noblest which can be presented to the human mind, invariably exalting and purifying it according to their degree; and it would appear that we are intended by the Deity to be constantly under their influence, because there is not one single object in nature which is not capable of conveying them, and which, to the rightly perceiving mind, does not present an incalculably greater number of beautiful than of deformed parts; there being in fact scarcely anything, in pure, undiseased nature, like positive deformity, but only degrees of beauty, or such slight and rare points of permitted contrast as may render all around them more valuable by their opposition—spots of blackness in creation, to make its colours felt.

But although everything in nature is more or less beautiful, every species of object has its own kind and degree of beauty; some being in their own nature more beautiful than others, and few, if any, individuals possessing the utmost degree of beauty of which the species is capable. This utmost degree of specific beauty, necessarily co-existent with the utmost perfec-

tion of the object in other respects, is the ideal of the object.

Ideas of beauty, then be it remembered, are the subjects of moral, but not of intellectual perception. By the investigation of them we shall be led to the knowledge of the ideal subjects of art.

XII

THE ART OF WRITING

BY SIR J. C. SQUIRE

THE Art of Writing—well, these chapters are not meant for professional writers, and the last thing I wish to do is to increase the number of professional writers. Goodness knows there are quite enough of them at present: and the few who are very good need no instruction from me or anybody else. Not more than one in twenty of the books which are published survives, even among a few readers, twelve months after it is published; and he would do an ill service to literature, or to the economic situation of a hard pressed country, who should urge people who had never thought of doing so before to write books. Those who have it in them to write good books will do it without encouragement: what I am thinking of is rather reading than writing.

But the practice of writing, ‘not necessarily for publication’ (as the phrase goes), is a great assistance towards the enjoyment of reading. If we have tried to do a thing ourselves and failed, we can with all the more relish appreciate the work of those who have tried and succeeded. When our ancestors founded the traditional system of classical education in England, and ordained that every miserable little boy should attempt to write Greek and Latin verses (as, in many of the schools of England, they attempt to this day), it was not with the notion of producing a crop of poets who could write Latin and Greek verses which could compete with the best works of the ancients: there were not more than one or two in a century who did

that. The notion was that between the few geniuses and the mass of complete stupidids there was a large number of boys who through failing, or half succeeding, to discover their thoughts and feelings and express them in terse and musical language, conforming to certain rules which were not arbitrary but the fruit of experience, would all the better understand the achievement of those who had performed the miracles of which they themselves were incapable. And by the same token, the practice of writing English, with a very large number of people, must sharpen the edge of the enjoyment of reading. If there is anybody reading this now who has ever tried to write poetry in secret—but no, that is a very silly start. I once made a bet with a man that I would ask the next fifty people I met, *tête-à-tête*, whether they had ever attempted to write serious verse, and that every one of them, under pressure and the seal of confidence, would (as the old journalists used to say) ‘admit the soft impeachment.’ I lost, but I only lost by one man, who was a civil engineer. Every kind of unlikely person, sometimes after trying semi-mendacious evasions, confessed that there had been a moment when poetic success was dreamed of. If they had never attempted it at any other time, they had at least yielded to the temptation of pouring out their intimate feelings when they were young and in love—yes, Cabinet Ministers and M.P.’s of all three parties, and even Professors of Economics. Most of them added to their confession some such phrase as ‘I don’t know what made me do it,’ or ‘Of course it was all the most dreadful rot, and I can’t imagine why I am telling you.’ Well, what was true of the first fifty people I catechized in 1919 must be true of thousands and thousands of others: almost

everybody attempts to compose something in writing at sometime, just as almost everybody at some time or another has attempted to draw a picture, if only a portrait. And what I say to them is this: Don't be ashamed because you are not Shakespeare, and don't be disturbed because you may never write anything fit for publication. If you have time and inclination for it, let words be your hobby. Play about with them in verse or in prose: you may not think of anything worth saying, and if you do you may say it very badly; but the more you experiment, once you have realized the conditions of the job, the better will be your critical sense, and the more pleasure you will get out of the works of the masters. Much that the masters put into their works is missed by most of their readers because they are not looking out for certain things, or perhaps do not even know that they exist. This is so even with very popular authors. A good example is Mr. P. G. Wodehouse—who is the contemporary successor of Mr. W. W. Jacobs—a popular jester who is also a careful and skilful artist. Anybody can enjoy his ingenious and complicated plots, his rough, hearty satire, his charmingly imbecile young men, his terrific fathers and aunts from whom the young men have expectations, his resourceful heroines, his simpletons triumphant and his biters bit: but it is only a minority which gets an additional savour out of the flow of his sentences and the frequent exquisite choice of his words. One may illustrate the same truth from another angle. The most popular poets in every generation are almost always those who tell stories and—in their lifetimes, at least, before the schoolmasters begin using them as texts—the poems in which they tell their stories are much more popular than the

poems, equally good or better, in which they do not tell stories. What this means is that although (as I said before) anything is given a little extra 'kick' by being expressed in vigorous repetitive rhythm, what is said matters much more to most people than the way in which it is said. For lack of the development of the critical faculty, most readers would as soon read the narrations of Tennyson and Byron, provided the same events happened and the same sentiments were expressed, in bad doggerel as in superb verse. I cannot be the only person who had heard Tennyson's glorious *Revenge* and *Out with the Lifeboat* recited by the same man to the same village audience on the same evening with equal success.

It is somewhere said that nobody expresses himself so well, so forcibly, and so economically as the non-professional with a story; and one does sometimes come across a narrative by a sailor, say, or an engineer which compels one's admiration by the closeness with which words fit things, and by the absence of trivial literary decorations. But the statement that the unprofessional write best is only a half-truth—not perhaps as much as that. One does occasionally meet one of these men of action, full of character, blunt, direct, shrewd, who talks well and writes as he talks. But most people write much worse than they talk. The world is full of people whose conversation, taken down by a typist hidden behind a screen, would read excellently—racy prose, no cant, no stale expressions—but who, as soon as they get pen in hand, write in a manner commonplace, or worse than commonplace. They aren't used to the medium; they are frightened or awestruck when they see a sheet of white paper in front of them; they at once, being unfamiliar with the

technique of writing, cease to be themselves, and start writing stilted and second-hand sentences that never could pass their lips. No journalist ever writes such appalling journalese as the private citizen who, once in a while, sits down, heavy with his consciousness of the solemnity of the occasion and the dignity of print, to write a letter to a local paper. The vast majority of such letters would be infinitely more persuasive, as well as infinitely more amusing, were their authors to write them as nearly as possible as they would speak them to a familiar friend. Think of the sort of thing we see. A gentleman, singing himself 'Citizen', 'Plain Man', or 'Pro Bono Publico', writes to the *Gazette* or the *Sentinel* about Mr. Baldwin or the public drains, and he begins: 'Sir, the nature of public feeling on this momentous subject now having been made clear in no uncertain voice,' clotting the thing up with bad grammar, woolly comparisons, and phrases which have lost all their force because of incessant mechanical use. In conversation what the man would say is—I naturally eliminate everything that convention rightly prohibits in print—would be something like this (I am dealing now with the local drains, not with imperial politics): 'Look here, Mr. Smith knows as well as I do that this disgusting nuisance simply cannot go on.' But people won't write as they talk. They feel, when they sit down to write, that they must live up to the majesty of authorship; and their notion of how to secure that is to drag out of memory's wardrobe every moth-eaten royal robe, every blunt halberd, every scrap of tinsel and gilt cardboard that they can lay their hands on: the result being that millions of people, all of them individuals with their own little differences of character, opinion, and speech, all write exactly alike.

I suggest that practice may prevent that, and that practice can be obtained by everybody. No one need write letters to the newspapers. But there isn't one of us who isn't occasionally obliged to write letters to friends or relations. You, my reader (if I may arbitrarily take an example), are going to-morrow to write a letter to your brother, your mother, or your wife. Well, you think that there is nothing to say: that is one mistake, for there is always something to say. If one's object really is to give pleasure to the person at the other end, it can always be given, provided care is taken with one's expression, by describing as vividly and amusingly as possible anything that one may have seen or done during the day. No day in anyone's life is ever exactly like another: if we will only stop and think, and not be lazy about it, there is always something which will move the person at the other end: and, after all, the chief difference between a private letter and a published essay or article is that one is addressed to an audience of one or two and the other to an audience more numerous. But beyond the 'matter,' there is the manner. Even in letters, even in the letters of the least skilful of us, a difference may be made to the people at the other end, and our own faculties will be sharpened, if we look before we leap, and think before we write. Half the population of England ends its letters with 'Hoping that this will find you well as it leaves me.' Well, it is a very laudable sentiment, and the first time that the phrase was used it must have seemed rather near and rather touching. But when you have had it at the end of a hundred letters it means no more than 'Yours truly' or a full-stop. We cannot all, as I have said, be professional authors; and, as I also said, I am thankful for that.

But we are all obliged, since we all learnt to read and write, to be amateur authors; and there isn't a human being who ever writes a letter who hasn't it in his power to give more pleasure at 'the other end', and carry more conviction, and even promote his own interests, by considering his thoughts a little before trying to put them into words, and his words a little before finally inscribing them.

What to avoid. Read Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's book, *The Art of Writing*, read particularly the chapter on 'Jargon,' and you will discover some of the things which should be avoided. You will discover, for instance, that it is really rather silly to say, 'This is especially so in the case of Lord Hugh Cecil', who happily, is not yet in a case at all. But all the things that are to be avoided are implicit in a catalogue of the things that are to be sought. The first thing to be sought is Accuracy.

I am writing—it may be a poem, a novel, an essay, or a mere letter. Call it a letter. I have seen something. Certain aspects of that something struck me with particular force, and inspired in me (if I allowed myself to think) particular thoughts. I must, if I am going to write anything worth writing, first of all discover what I did see, what I did feel, what I did think. Not what others felt and thought before me; not what I suppose I ought to have seen, felt, and thought. No, what I actually saw, felt, and thought myself. It may be that, when the results of the scrutiny appear, I shall be found to have seen, felt, and thought what thousands before me have seen, felt, and thought, though even if that be so there will inevitably be a slight difference; for no two human beings are precisely alike, as no two leaves on the countless trees of the countless

generations of trees have ever been exactly alike. But the only path to salvation as a writer, whether as a public writer or a private writer, is the path of accuracy. Disentangle your own response to what you have observed from all the responses you know about or conjecture. Make sure of what you do yourself see, feel and think. Then select from your impressions those which are best calculated to convey the picture you wish to convey and produce the effect you wish to produce, remembering always that the concrete image has always more force than the abstract generalization; then, if God has not given you the divine gift of speaking automatically in musical phrase, consider the noise that your words make.

The Art of Life consists in getting all we can out of every experience that we have. Training, as well as natural talent, is required before we can do that. The same thing applies to the Art of Writing. I may say for myself—taking myself purely as a specimen, and not as somebody more interesting than anybody else—that it was only by very gradual stages that I learned what was involved in writing, and attained, in some measure, the ability to say what I really thought in a way that was really my own. When I was very young I wrote poems in the manners of Edgar Allan Poe and Mr. Kipling: I was intoxicated by their tunes, so I took over their opinions and outlooks, kept in two compartments, for they didn't mix very well. When I was a little older I fell under the influence of the French decadents, particularly Baudelaire: that poet wrote so well about despair and corruption that for a time after first encountering him I, too, could write about nothing except mouldering corpses, which didn't interest me in the least, and a despair which, thank

God, I never knew then and have never known since, however present daily the thought of death may be to me. I am, I must assert again, taking myself as a specimen. Gradually I discovered that none of these artists, great though may be the debt that I must always, artistically, owe to them, thought in the least like me, and that I had been talking at second-hand opinions that did not fit me in the least. I discarded them. I began to try to express in my own language, though echoes of their melodies may always be present in what I write, what I really saw, felt, and thought—forgive this reiteration—myself. Life is short and Art long: the curtain may come down before I have discovered myself entirely, and learnt to speak in a language entirely concordant with my own nature. But the path of progress is clear enough: and it is one that may be followed, in his own sphere, by everybody, poet or prose-writer, professional or layman. ‘Don’t lie’ is the first maxim I would like to ram in, and ‘Tell the truth with a music that will assist it’ is the second. Realize these two things, and those of you who never dream of writing for publication will get greatly increased pleasure out of the works of the great writers: for they will know what the great writers were trying to do.

XIII

KING'S TREASURIES

BY JOHN RUSKIN

ALL books are divisible into two classes, the books of the hour, and the books of all time. Mark this distinction—it is not one of quality only. It is not merely the bad book that does not last, and the good one that does. It is a distinction of species. There are good books for the hour, and good ones for all time; bad books for the hour, and bad ones for all time. I must define the two kinds before I go further.

The good book of the hour, then,—I do not speak of the bad ones—is simply the useful or pleasant talk of some person whom you cannot otherwise converse with, printed for you. Very useful often, telling you what you need to know; very pleasant often, as a sensible friend's present talk would be. These bright accounts of travels; good-humoured and witty discussions of questions; lively or pathetic story-telling in the form of novels; firm fact-telling, by the real agents concerned in the events of passing history;—all these books of the hour, multiplying among us as education becomes more general, are a peculiar characteristic and possession of the present age: we ought to be entirely thankful for them, and entirely ashamed of ourselves if we make no good use of them. But we make the worst possible use, if we allow them to usurp the place of true books: for strictly speaking, they are not books at all, but merely letters or newspapers in good print. Our friends' letters may be delightful, or necessary, today: whether worth keeping or not, is to be considered. The newspaper may be entirely

proper at breakfast time, but assuredly it is not reading for all day. So, though bound up in a volume, the long letter which gives you so pleasant an account of the inns, and roads, and weather last year at such a place, or which tells you that amusing story, or gives you the real circumstances of such-and-such events, however valuable for occasional reference, may not be, in the real sense of the word, a 'book' at all, nor in the real sense, to be read. A book is essentially not a talked thing, but a written thing; written, not with the view of mere communication, but of permanence. The book of talk is printed only because its author cannot speak to thousands of people at once; if he could, he would—the volume is mere *multiplication* of his voice. You cannot talk to your friend in India; if you could, you would; you write instead: that is mere *conveyance* of voice. But a book is written, not to multiply the voice merely, not to carry it merely, but to preserve it. The author has something to say which he perceives to be true and useful, or helpfully beautiful. So far as he knows, no one has yet said it; so far as he knows, no one else can say it. He is bound to say it, clearly and melodiously if he may; clearly, at all events. In the sum of his life he finds this to be the thing, or group of things, manifest to him,—this the piece of true knowledge or sight, which his share of sunshine and earth has permitted him to seize. He would fain set it down for ever; engrave it on rock, if he could: saying, 'This is the best of me; for the rest, I ate, and drank, and slept, loved, and hated, like another; my life was as the vapour, and is not; but this I saw and knew: this, if anything of mine, is worth your memory.' That is his 'writing;' it is, in his small human way, and with

whatever degree of true inspiration is in him, his inscription, or scripture. That is a 'Book.'

II .

Perhaps you think no books were ever so written?

But, again, I ask you, do you at all believe in honesty, or at all in kindness, or do you think there is never any honesty or benevolence in wise people? None of us, I hope, are so unhappy as to think that. Well, whatever bit of a wise man's work is honestly and benevolently done, that bit is his book, or his piece of art. It is mixed always with evil fragments—ill-done, redundant, affected work. But if you read rightly, you will easily discover the true bits, and those *are* the book.

Now books of this kind have been written in all ages by their greatest men:—by great leaders, great statesmen, and great thinkers. These are all at your choice; and Life is short. You have heard as much before:—yet have you measured and mapped out this short life and its possibilities? Do you know, if you read this, that you cannot read that,—that what you lose today you cannot gain tomorrow? Will you go and gossip with your housemaid, or your stable-boy, when you may talk with queens and kings; or flatter yourselves that it is with any worthy consciousness of your own claims to respect that you jostle with the common crowd for *entrée* here and audience there, when all the while this eternal court is open to you with its society wide as the world, multitudinous as its days, the chosen, and the mighty, of every place and time? Into that you may enter always; in that you may take fellowship and rank according to your wish; from that, once entered into it, you can never be out-

cast but by your own fault; by your aristocracy of companionship there, your own inherent aristocracy will be assuredly tested, and the motives with which you strive to take high place in the society of the living, measured, as to all the truth and sincerity that are in them, by the place you desire to take in this company of the Dead.

'The place you desire,' and the place you *fit yourself for*, I must also say; because, observe, this court of the past differs from all living aristocracy in this:—it is open to labour and to merit, but to nothing else. No wealth will bribe, no name overawe, no artifice deceive, the guardian of those Elysian gates. In the deep sense, no vile or vulgar person ever enters there. At the portières of that silent Faubourg St. Germain, there is but brief question, 'Do you deserve to enter?' Pass. Do you ask to be the companion of nobles? Make yourself noble, and you shall be. Do you long for the conversation of the wise? Learn to understand it, and you shall hear it. But on other terms? No. If you will not rise to us, we cannot stoop to you. The living lord may assume courtesy, the living philosopher explain his thought to you with considerate pain; but here we neither feign nor interpret; you must rise to the level of our thoughts if you would be gladdened by them, and share our feelings, if you would recognize our presence.'

III

This, then, is what you have to do, and I admit that it is much. You must, in a word, love these people, if you are to be among them. No ambition is of any use. They scorn your ambition. You must love them and show your love in these two following ways.

First, by a true desire to be taught by them, and

to enter into their thoughts. To enter in theirs, observe: not to find your own expressed by them. If the person who wrote the book is not wiser than you, you need not read it; if he be, he will think differently from you in many respects.

Very ready we are to say of a book, 'How good this is,—that's exactly what I think!' But the right feeling is, 'How strange that is! I never thought of that before, and yet I see it is true; or if I do not now, I hope I shall, some day.' But whether thus submissively or not, at least be sure that you go to the author to get at *his* meaning, not to find yours. Judge it afterwards, if you think yourself qualified to do so; but ascertain it first. And be sure also, if the author is worth anything, that you will not get at his meaning all at once;—nay, that at his whole meaning you will not for a long time arrive in any wise. Not that he does not say what he means, and in strong words too; but he cannot say it all; and what is more strange, *will* not, but in a hidden way and in parables, in order that he may be sure you want it. I cannot quite see the reason of this, nor analyse that cruel reticence in the breasts of wise men which makes them always hide their deeper thought. They do not give it you by way of help, but of reward, and will make themselves sure that you deserve it before they allow you to reach it. But it is the same with the physical type of wisdom, gold. There seems, to you and me, no reason why the electric forces of the earth should not carry whatever there is of gold within it at once to the mountain tops, so that kings and people might know that all the gold they could get was there; and without any trouble of digging, or anxiety, or chance, or waste of time, cut it away, and coin as much as they needed. But Nature

does not manage it so. She puts it in little fissures in the earth, nobody knows where; you may dig long and find none; you must dig painfully to find any.

And it is just the same with men's best wisdom. When you come to a good book, you must ask yourself, 'Am I inclined to work as an Australian miner would? Are my pickaxes and shovels in good order, and am I in good trim myself, my sleeves well up to the elbow and my breath good, and my temper?' And, keeping the figure a little longer, even at cost of tiresomeness, for it is a thoroughly useful one, the metal you are in search of being the author's mind or meaning, his words are as the rock which you have to crush and smelt in order to get at it. And your pickaxes are your own care, wit, and learning; your smelting furnace is your own thoughtful soul. Do not hope to get at any good author's meaning without those tools and that fire; often you will need sharpest, finest chiselling, and patient fusing, before you can gather one grain of the metal.

And, therefore, first of all, I tell you, earnestly and authoritatively (I *know* I am right in this), you must get into the habit of looking intensely at words, and assuring yourself of their meaning, syllable by syllable—nay, letter by letter. For though it is only by reason of the opposition of letters in the function of signs, to sounds in the function of signs, that the study of books is called 'literature,' and that a man versed in it is called by the consent of nations, a man of letters instead of a man of books, or of words, you may yet connect with the accidental nomenclature this real principle:—that you might read all the books in the British Museum (if you could live long enough), and remain an utterly 'illiterate,' uneducated person; but that if you read ten pages of a good book, letter

by letter—that is to say, with real accuracy,—you are for evermore in some measure an educated person. The entire difference between education and non-education (as regards the merely intellectual part of it), consists in this accuracy. A well-educated gentleman may not know many languages,—may not be able to speak any but his own,—may have read very few books. But whatever language he knows, he knows precisely; whatever word he pronounces he pronounces rightly. . . . Let the accent of words be watched, by all means, but let their meaning be watched more closely still, and fewer will do the work. A few words well chosen and well distinguished, will do work that a thousand cannot, when every one is acting, equivocally, in the function of another. Yes; and words, if they are not watched, will do deadly work sometimes. . . .

Having then faithfully listened to the great teachers, that you may enter into their thoughts, you have yet this higher advance to make;—you have to enter into their hearts. As you go to them first for clear sight, so you must stay with them that you may share at last their just and mighty passion. Passion, or ‘sensation.’ I am not afraid of the word; still less of the thing. You have heard many outcries against sensation lately; but, I can tell you, it is not less sensation we want, but more. The ennobling difference between one man and another,—between one animal and another—is precisely in this, that one feels more than another. If we were sponges, perhaps sensation might not be easily got for us; if we were earthworms liable at every instant to be cut in two by the spade perhaps too much sensation might not be good for us. But being human creatures, it is good for us: nay, we are only human in so far as we are sensitive, and our honour is precisely in proportion to our passion.

THE ART OF PUBLIC SPEAKING

BY LORD RIDDELL

His words like so many nimble and airy servitors trip
about him at command. *Milton.*

THE art of public speaking may be divided into two parts—what to say and how to say it.

A good delivery covers many defects, but no one can hope to become a first-class speaker unless he has something to say that is worth saying. To produce a good speech the speaker must have knowledge, experience, and imagination. If he has humour, so much the better. He must have also a sense of proportion and suitability.

After-dinner and social speaking is one thing; serious platform speaking another; speaking before a deliberative assembly a third; lecturing and preaching a fourth; advocacy a fifth; and finally there is addressing company meetings and trade gatherings. Each type of speaking demands different qualifications and different methods of preparation. A slight occasion such as an after-dinner speech is unsuitable for heavy preparation, and while an after-dinner speaker should go prepared, he should endeavour to adjust himself to the atmosphere of the gathering. For a serious occasion a speech should be carefully thought out beforehand. Most of the great speakers spend much time and trouble in preparing their speeches. Some dictate or write them out in full. Then heads for guidance when speaking are carefully prepared. These are usually written on cards or stiff half-sheets of paper, carefully tied together to prevent their escape

in the course of the speech. Important passages and the peroration are usually written out fully in the notes.

No absolute rules about preparation can be laid down; so much depends on temperament. John Bright brooded long and painfully over a speech he was about to deliver, but the only part he actually wrote out was his peroration. For he understood the enormous value of that spontaneous understanding which arises between an audience and a good speaker—an exchange of inspiration on the spot. Therefore he prepared only notes for the body of his speech. But he understood, also, the immense importance of a clean and effective ending. Mr. T. P. O'Connor, one of the best judges of oratory I know, describes this care for the end as a wise precaution. He says: 'You may remark in Shakespeare that he often gives a couple of rhymed lines to the actor when he has to leave the stage. That leaving the stage with effectiveness is one of the most difficult things in the world to accomplish; it is like a man trying to get out of a drawing-room. Similarly the fitting and dignified conclusion of a speech is one of the difficulties of oratory. How often have I heard a man making half a dozen perorations before he found the right one on which he could wind up, as he thought, with grace. The art of sitting down at the right moment applies to every kind of speaking, and not least to mere after-dinner speaking. A man who is uncertain of himself would be wise to arrange with his neighbour at a banquet to pull him down violently at the right moment, and to leave that moment to his discretion. Speaking is a knack which comes from constant practice, and while the accomplished speaker frequently prepares set speeches,

he has the art of thinking on his legs, and, when necessary, can make a creditable performance on the spur of the moment. This introduces that very important element in good speaking—fluency, which does not necessarily mean rapid speaking. It means a command of words equal to the flow of thought. How fluency can be attained is a hard question. The elder and the younger Pitt thought they knew the best way, and many other great orators have adopted their recipe. It is, no doubt, a difficult one, but its effectiveness can hardly be disputed. It is to take a book in any foreign language which you know fairly well and make free translations from its pages. The book gives you a train of thought; it is yours to supply equivalent English words in elegance and order. Lord Stanhope, Pitt's biographer, thus describes the method: 'No man had that gift of using in public speaking the right word in the right place; no man carried that gift to a higher degree of perfection, as all parties have owned, than Mr. Pitt. Now my father . . . ventured on one occasion to ask Mr. Pitt by what means—by what course of study—he had acquired that readiness of speech—that aptness of finding the right word. Mr. Pitt replied that whatever readiness he might be thought to possess in that respect he believed he derived very much from a practice his father, the great Lord Chatham, had enjoined on him.' Lord Chatham had bid him take up any book in some foreign language with which he was well acquainted—in Latin, Greek, or French for example. He then enjoined him to read out of this work a passage in English, stopping where he was not sure of the word until the right one came, and then proceed. Mr. Pitt states that he had assiduously followed this practice. At first he had often to stop

for a while before he could find the proper word; but he found the difficulties gradually disappear, until what was a toil to him at first became at last an easy and familiar task.'

Archbishop Magee gave the same advice more briefly, but did not insist on a foreign language. The exercise he prescribed was rapid paraphrase. 'Take a passage from some well-known classic author and render the passage into equivalent words, so as to express the same idea. Thus you will acquire the power of choosing, of substituting one word for another.'

Contrasting the ^{art of speaking} verbal methods of Pitt and Fox, Richard Porson said: 'Pitt carefully considered his sentences before he uttered them; Fox threw himself into the middle of his, and left it to God Almighty to get him out again.'

(1) Mr. Lloyd George carefully prepares his set speeches, the heads of the arguments being set down in detail on half-sheets of stiff paper and important phrases being written out in full. Mr. Winston Churchill adopts a different practice. He dictates his set speeches in their entirety. Earl Balfour (A. J. B.) usually makes a few notes on the back of a large envelope, but often speaks without notes and prepares his arguments while on his legs. (2) Mr. Bonar Law plans his speeches in his head, and never uses notes. Lord Birkenhead more or less adopts the Balfourian method.

A friend of mine told John Bright that he had heard him deliver what my friend thought was his best speech. John Bright smiled and said, 'I suppose you refer to the Angel of Death.' 'No,' said my friend, 'it was the speech you delivered on the Burial Bill.' John Bright's eyes lit up and he replied, 'You are quite right,

but that is not the general opinion. I rehearsed the speech for three days before I delivered it. 'But,' he remarked thoughtfully, 'the unpremeditated part was the best. I commenced by saying, "I am glad that the chief opposition to this Bill has come from the University of Oxford; that ancient seat of learning and—after a pause—undying prejudice." There are occasions on which it is necessary to lead up to a subject, but sometimes one can capture one's audience immediately by a phrase.' He added, smilingly, 'I was successful in doing so on that occasion.'

Parliamentary debators have this gift of rapid thought and speech highly developed—the power of rapidly seizing upon and emphasizing the weak points in opponents' arguments, and of enforcing the strong points in their own case. They also have the power of sensing their audiences. That remarkable orator, M. Briand, says: 'Je renifle mon public (I scent my audience).' Mr. Gladstone made a similar remark. He said: 'I absorb the vapour and return it in a flood.' Cobden never made notes for his speeches, and prided himself on being able to think and speak in the presence of an audience as if he were writing in his library, but he said that his constant and overruling thought, which long experience of the arts of controversialists had impressed on his mind, was to avoid the possibility of being misrepresented, and to prevent his opponents from raising a false issue. Those who are learning to speak should bear this in mind. They should state their meaning as clearly as possible, both from the point of view of argument and the selection of words.

The best words are those which the subject naturally suggests as they give the impression of simplicity

THE ART OF PUBLIC SPEAKING

and reality. For example, horrible things are best described by words that are harsh to the ear, but as a rule it is well to avoid words with an unpleasant sound. 'If the powers of speech have been cultivated beforehand words will yield us ready service not merely turning up when we search for them but dwelling in our thoughts and following us as the shadow follows the body' (Quintillian). Clearness is the first essential of a good style. The sentences must not be too long and there must be nothing lacking and nothing ~~unnecessary~~ ^{superfluous}.

As we all know, there are occasions on which speakers are anxious to avoid saying exactly what they mean, and to endeavour to leave a loop-hole open for the construction which suits them best when the occasion arises. Arts of this sort are to be deplored, and happily the conjurer with words, who can make successful use of them, is rare. The clumsy, inexperienced speaker is usually hoist with his own petard. His audience see through the device, and when later on he endeavours to avail himself of his ^{clever usage of words} ~~subtle phraseology~~, he finds that his loop-hole was badly chosen, and leads to conviction instead of acquittal. ^{punishment} ~~free from punishment~~

An oratorical device much in vogue with legal advocates is for the speaker to endeavour to create a confidential atmosphere. For instance, in a breach of promise case, a barrister will say, 'We all know how confiding a woman is when she is in love'—the basis of his case being that his client was confiding. If he can induce the jury to agree that loving women are confiding, he has half won the battle. In any case, the observation makes them examine the proposition, and brings happy reminiscent thoughts to even the most cynical mind.

Another trick is for the speaker at the end of his

remarks to make some such statement as, 'I hope I have covered the whole ground. I hope that I have not omitted to deal with any material point.' Then, after a pause, 'There is one matter, however, which I had almost overlooked.' He thereupon proceeds to deal lightly with some awkward point as if it were so insignificant that it had nearly escaped attention.

There are four sorts of speeches:

1. Those which impress the audience, and also the public when read;
2. Those which impress the audience, but read indifferently;
3. Those which do not impress the audience, but which read well; and
4. Those which impress no one.

In the third class no one was more conspicuous than Edmund Burke. His speeches read magnificently, but in the House of Commons he was nicknamed 'The Dinner Bell.' Sheridan said of him, 'When posterity read the speeches of Burke they will hardly be able to believe that, during his life-time, he was not considered as a first-rate speaker, not even as a second-rate one.'

Lincoln's 'Gettysburg' speech is one of the most famous orations in the Anglo-Saxon language, and yet we are told that when delivered it made but little impression and was completely over-shadowed by the speech of a 'spellbinder.'

It may be asked, 'In what respect do speeches differ from a pamphlet or magazine article?' There is an essential difference. Speech has a human element lacking in the written word, because speech is communication between the speaker and his audience face to face. This fact should be ever present to the speaker's mind both when preparing and delivering the speech.

People addressed each other by word of mouth long before they wrote. Speech, therefore, is more primitive and human than written matter. Public speaking not only admits but demands characteristics which would be blemishes in compositions intended to be read. The attention of the audience must be held, arguments repeated, and free use made of analogies and illustrations. For this reason good speakers are often bad writers, while good writers are rarely effective speakers. *Au fond*, a speech is a transitory, even-escent, episodic production, depending for its immediate effect not only upon the matter but upon the delivery which enables the great speaker to sway his hearers. From their point of view personality is the thing that counts for most. In written compositions it stands for little or nothing. The quality of the written word is the only thing that matters. The author may be repulsive, but he is invisible. He looks at you only through the printed page. The speaker is judged by what he is or what he appears to be. No man can achieve wide distinction as a speaker unless he can impress an audience face to face. That is the acid test of oratory, high or low. That is how the speaker makes his reputation.

Every speaker should endeavour to cultivate a good style. He should take care to form his sentences properly—long, tortuous periods should be rigidly avoided. It takes a great orator like Mr. Gladstone to carry through successfully to the end lengthy, involved passages. It must be remembered that style is a question of personality. The mind acquires its most lasting impressions slowly and almost unconsciously. Well-formed sentences and clear expression become a habit, while on the other hand 'Evil communications corrupt

good manners' and good speeches. The tongue unconsciously adopts the style continually presented to it by the eye or the ear. Many speakers take considerable trouble to maintain their style and keep up their vocabulary. I know one excellent speaker who for this purpose, reads two chapters of the Bible every night. I regarded him as a devout person until I discovered his reason. I have heard of others who take exercises in the speeches of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain and Mr. Lloyd George.

In order to speak well you must know your subject. Some speakers acquire their information from books, others from experience, and others, the best, from both. It is useless to endeavour to explain how would-be speakers should acquire powder and shot for their speeches. Any such explanation would involve a discussion of the whole question of education. In short, if a speaker has got very little in his head, he can get very little out of it.

Knowing a subject does not, however, imply the power of expressing what we know in a lucid and attractive form. Socrates was of opinion that every one can speak sufficiently well about what he understands, but, as Cicero remarked, it would be more true to say that no one can speak well on a subject which he does not understand, and that even if he understands a subject he cannot speak well unless he knows how to express himself. To exemplify the accuracy of this: Mr. Lloyd George made his first success in the House of Commons owing to the inability of a fellow M.P., who was a rating expert, to make his points when addressing the House on a rating bill. After an ineffective attempt he handed his papers to Mr. Lloyd George, saying, 'Being a lawyer you know something about the

LORD RIDDELL

ity adds that the art of inventing and arranging arguments is the only true province of rhetoric. . Someone says that arguments unpolished by rhetoric are like a diamond, which is of small use until it is cut and polished, when its angles send forth flashes of light which arrest and delight every eye. Needless to say, a skilled diamond-cutter is essential, otherwise the stone is spoiled.

Now, in military operations, as the war has shown once more, the arrangement and disposition of the troops are of the greatest consequence. The genius of Foch made all the difference. In speaking the same applies. Much depends on the arrangement of a speech, if the object is to convince, to persuade, or to refute objections. It may be argued that devices of this sort are, or should be, unnecessary in order to establish the truth of vital matters. There may be much to be said for that contention. My only object is to describe, briefly, the plans recommended and used by countless generations of rhetoricians, and which are still in vogue amongst politicians, lawyers, lecturers, preachers, demagogues, and other speakers, as you may easily note if you examine their speeches.

Mr. Bernard Shaw says somewhere, that Christ is the greatest of political economists. It might be said with equal truth and without irreverence that He is the greatest of rhetoricians, using the word in the sense above indicated. When the Scribes and Pharisees brought to Him the woman taken in adultery, He confounded them by saying: 'He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her.' How much more effective than to say, as an ordinary man would have done, 'Begone! You know that you are all sinners and hypocrites!'

Or take the parable of the lilies, bearing in mind that the Lord was addressing the common people:—

Consider the lilies how they grow; they toil not, they spin not: and yet I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. If then God so clothe the grass, which is today in the field and tomorrow is cast into the oven, how much more will he clothe you, O ye of little faith?’

Note the wonderful skill of these few lines. First the speaker calms and exalts the minds of His hearers by a poetic description which conjures up a beautiful picture. Then He covertly enforces His favourite doctrine that mankind should not be unduly ‘careful and troubled about many things.’ The lilies toil not, neither do they spin, and yet they are better clothed than the great ones of the earth with all their wealth and power. Then suddenly He changes the description and reduces the lilies to the rank of grass (but, be it noted, better clothed than King Solomon), and concludes by pointing out that if the Almighty takes so much care of the grass which today is and tomorrow is cast into the oven, how much more will He look after the common people.

All the utterances of Jesus Christ may well be studied from the oratorical point of view. And St. Paul’s short address on Mars Hill, in Athens, is a marvel of oratorical tact and force.

THE LAWS OF THOUGHT

BY LORD RIDDELL

Mind is the beginning of knowledge.

Aristotle.

THE method described in my last chapter seems simple and commonplace. It is difficult to realize that for centuries the inductive method was neglected by the learned ones of the earth. They were so much engrossed in logical disputation that they thought more about arguments than facts. In everyday life people adopted more rational methods, but many popular superstitions and fallacies were and are due to the neglect of investigation and experiment. Two great Englishmen took a leading part in demonstrating the necessity for true reasoning—Roger Bacon (thirteenth century) and Lord Bacon (early seventeenth century). Both thought that knowledge is based on experience and experiment. They said: ‘If you want to know what is on the other side of a wall, go and look. Don’t speculate about it.’

As Lord Macaulay says in one of his essays: ‘By stimulating men to the discovery of new truth, Lord Bacon stimulated them to employ the inductive method, the only method, even the ancient philosophers and the schoolmen themselves being judges, by which new truth can be discovered. By stimulating men to the discovery of useful truth, he furnished them with a motive to perform the inductive process well and carefully. His predecessors had been, in his phrase, not interpreters, but anticipators of nature. They had been content with the first principles at which they had arrived by the

most scanty and slovenly induction. And why was this? It was, we conceive, because their philosophy proposed to itself no practical end, because it was merely an exercise of the mind. A man who wants to contrive a new machine or a new medicine has a strong motive to observe accurately and patiently, and to try experiment after experiment. But a man who merely wants a theme for disputation or declamation has no such motive. He is therefore content with premises grounded on assumption, or on the most scanty and hasty induction. Thus, we conceive, the schoolmen acted. On their foolish premises they often argued with great ability; and as their object was *assensum subjugare, non res*, to be victorious in controversy, not to be victorious over nature, they were consistent. For just as much logical skill could be shown in reasoning on false as on true premises. But the followers of the new philosophy, proposing to themselves the discovery of useful truth as their object, must have altogether failed of attaining that object if they had been content to build theories on superficial induction.'

It must, however, be remembered that Bacon did not discover the inductive method, as many people think. He only pointed out in an arresting way the urgent need for its use. Again, to quote Lord Macaulay: 'Aristotle had long before pointed out the absurdity of supposing that syllogistic reasoning could ever conduct men to the discovery of any new principle; had shown that such discoveries must be made by induction and by induction alone, and had given the history of the inductive process, concisely indeed, but with great perspicuity and precision.'

When, however, you come to examine more minutely the process of the inductive method, you will

find that there is much food for thought. First, it is difficult to appreciate that reasoning depends upon the detection of similarities and differences. When you hear a bell ringing in the street on a Sunday afternoon, you detect the muffin-man, because the sound is similar to that which you heard on previous occasions, when you saw the said muffin-man ring his bell. If you meet your brother you recognize him because you see the same form that you have always known as your brother.

So it is with all reasoning. Consciously or unconsciously, we are for ever making comparisons. The trained mind perceives similarities and differences which are not observed by the untrained. This applies both to physical objects and to ideas. The expert recognizes that certain cloth complies with a certain standard because his trained eye detects differences imperceptible to the untrained eye when comparing it with a cloth of slightly inferior quality.

Then, we do not always remember with sufficient vividness that things—both mental and physical—which are equal to the same thing are equal to one another. In short, if A is equal to B, and B to C, A must be equal also to C.

Also, we are apt to forget that, for the purposes of strict reasoning and apprehension, a thing must either be or not be, which means that nothing can have, at the same time and in the same place, contradictory and inconsistent qualities. As Aristotle said, there can be no mean between opposite assertions, we must either affirm or deny. For example, a door cannot be shut and open at the same time; a line must be either straight or not straight; an action must be either virtuous or not virtuous. In the affairs of common life,

however, we are seldom concerned to place an object or an idea in a rigid category. Our attention is usually addressed to ascertaining and describing the facts, not by reference to categories, but as they are. We say, for instance, the door was nearly shut; the line was not quite straight; the action was not quite fair, etc. At the same time, it is well to have this rule in mind, as precision is the basis of all reasoning. When arguing about less obvious matters people frequently put forward contradictory propositions.

The comparison of ideas or things of the mind is often a matter of extreme difficulty. Let us take a common example. You say every citizen has the right to exercise such a measure of freedom as can be exercised without interfering with the enjoyment of a similar measure of freedom by other citizens. This definition of liberty seems clear until you seek to apply it to particular instances. We will deal with two suppositions. (1) Smith, Jones, Brown, and Robinson, the local bakers, being earnest, enterprising business men, form a ring to raise the price of bread. The whole town is in an uproar. The bakers are described as rascally profiteers and proposals are made to control the bread trade. On the other hand, the bakers say that they are public benefactors who have long worked for inadequate profits, that their prices are reasonable, and that if the public are dissatisfied they can bake their own bread. (2) The sewer men employed by the Local Authority strike for higher wages. Here again the townpeople are furious.

The strikers are hotly charged with holding up the community; the public suddenly discover that flushing sewers is a most salubrious occupation, and that, comparatively speaking, the sewer-men are ex-

tremely well paid. On the other hand, the strikers say that they are under-paid and over-worked, that their occupation is dangerous and unpleasant, and that they are under no obligation to work unless they think fit. Now, when you come to apply your definition to these two cases, you will find several different opinions as to its application. Mr. A. will say that both bakers and sewer-men are within their rights, it being open to all other members of the community to act in the same way. Mr. B will say that both parties are in the wrong; that the bakers should be compelled to sell their bread at a reasonable price and that the sewer-men should be sent back to the sewers, if necessary at the point of the bayonet. Mr. C will say that the bakers are justified in charging what they like, but that the case of the sewer-men is different. Mr. D will back the sewer-men and down the bakers. The bakers themselves will very likely condemn the sewer-men and the sewer-men the bakers. Mr. E who is probably right, will decline to argue until you define what you mean by freedom. Define your terms and then see whether the particular instance is covered by the general rule.

John Stuart Mill gave five rules for inductive reasoning, which state in precise but somewhat involved terms the ordinary methods adopted by persons who reason well when investigating a phenomenon or occurrence which they do not understand. These rules apply not only to scientific investigation but to the common problems of life.

To take the first rule, called 'The Method of Agreement': 'If two or more instances of the phenomenon under investigation have only one circumstance in common, the circumstance in which alone all the

instances agree is the cause (or effect) of the given phenomenon.' In simpler language this means that when you find that several different things or sets of circumstances exhibit the same conundrum you should inquire in what respects these things or sets of circumstances agree or differ, because it is obvious that if they agree in only one particular, that is likely to be the cause of the conundrum.

Jevons gives the following example: 'Bright prismatic colours are seen on bubbles, on films of tar floating upon water, on thin plates of mica, as also on cracks in glass or between two pieces of glass pressed together. On examining all such cases they seem to agree in nothing but the presence of a very thin layer or plate, and it appears to make no appreciable difference of what kind of matter, solid, liquid, or gaseous, the plate is made. Hence we conclude that such colours are caused merely by the thinness of the plates, and this conclusion is proved true by the theory of the interference of light.'

The second rule, called 'The Method of Difference' is as follows:—

'If an instance in which the phenomenon under investigation occurs, and an instance in which it does not occur, have every circumstance in common save one, that one occurring only in the former, the circumstance in which alone the two instances differ is the effect or the cause, or an indispensable part of the cause, of the phenomenon.'

This means, in other words, that if you see two things or sets of circumstances exactly the same except in one particular, and if the conundrum is displayed by the thing or set of circumstances that possess this characteristic, you may assume that it is this difference that causes the conundrum.

Jevons, as an example, gives the formation of dew; 'If on a clear, calm night a sheet or other covering be stretched a foot or two above the earth, so as to screen the ground below from the open sky, dew will be found on the grass around the screen, but not beneath it. As the temperature and moistness of the air and other circumstances are exactly the same, the open sky must be an indispensable antecedent to dew.'

By the way, compare Gideon's experiences (Judges vi. 37 *et seq.*).

The third rule, called 'The Joint Method of Agreement and Difference,' is a combination of Nos. 1 and 2, chiefly for use in scientific investigation.

The fourth rule, called 'The Method of Residues,' is comparatively simple. It states in effect that if you are satisfied that part of a phenomenon is due to certain causes, you may rest assured that the remaining part is due to the other causes which you have traced.

The fifth rule says that when phenomena vary in unison you may assume that they react upon each other, or are due to the same cause. For example, friction causes heat—less friction, less heat—more friction, more heat. The phenomenon 'heat' varies in proportion with the phenomenon 'friction.' Or, to take another example, strike a bell in a complete vacuum—no sound. Strike it in very little air in the receiver of an air-pump and a faint sound is heard, which increases or diminishes every time we increase or diminish the density of the air. In this case the phenomena are 'sound' and 'air'—more air, more sound—less air, less sound.

If you wish to pursue this subject, I advise you to read the sections on induction in Jevon's *Lessons in*

Logic (Macmillan), Mill's *Logic*, Vol. I, and in Whatley's *Logic*. There are numbers of other books. Bradley, Bosanquet, etc. Joseph's *Logic* (Clarendon Press, 1916) is one of the best. You will find that logicians, like other experts, frequently differ.

You must not confuse inductive reasoning with formal logic, the syllogism, etc. The syllogism is a formula invented by logicians and dating back to a period before Aristotle. 'It may be defined as an act of thought by which, from two given propositions, we proceed to a third proposition, the truth of which necessarily follows from the truth of these given propositions' (Jevons). To take a rough example: All men are liars. Jones is a man, therefore Jones is a liar. This, on the face of it, is unanswerable; but a moment's reflection will show that it may be humbug, because the inference that Jones is a liar depends on the implied assumption, which may be true or untrue, that *all* men are liars. In short, formal logic does not teach how to observe facts, but only how to argue from facts, which, though agreed upon for the purposes of the argument, may in themselves be inaccurate. Its real value lies in its power to convince the mind that what applies to an agreed class applies to each member of that class. This may be thought self-evident, but in practice the fact is often obscured or overlooked. For example, you may say that all lawyers are astute. I agree. Then we proceed to discuss various members of the tribe. I say, 'Brown, Jones, and Robinson are clever and astute.' You agree about Brown and Jones, but remark that Robinson is an ass. I then ask you to put him into a syllogism. All lawyers are astute. Robinson is a lawyer, therefore Robinson is astute. You then see that either all lawyers are not astute or

that Robinson being a lawyer must be astute. Consequently you say, 'What I meant was that *some* lawyers are astute.' This is a bald example, but if you watch carefully you will find many, more or less flagrant. There is no more frequent source of loose statement. The syllogism is nothing more than a machine to enable us to avoid such errors or to track them down.

We live in a world of realities. Therefore it is best to reason about actual, vital facts, interesting in themselves whether they be the facts of everyday life, facts in the Law Courts, or scientific facts. Take an actual problem and try to solve it, remembering as you work the rules for reasoning which are the natural product of human experience. Some minds run in one direction and some in another. For amusement and instruction try to reason about problems that interest you. That is the way to get at the heart of a subject. The merry, eager, inquiring mind goes all the way. The dull, bored mind soon gets tired. There is a wonderful pleasure in mental achievement for its own sake and not for pecuniary profit. When you acquire information which gives you keen satisfaction, you can say with Shakespeare:—

My crown is in my heart, not on my head,
Not deck'd with diamonds and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen: my crown is called content,
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.

SCIENCE AND LITERATURE

BY JOHN TYNDALL

THE object of education is, or ought to be, to provide wise exercise for the capacities, wise direction of the tendencies, and, through this exercise and this direction, to furnish the mind with such knowledge as may contribute to the usefulness, the beauty, and the nobleness of the individual life.

How is this discipline to be secured, this knowledge imparted? Two rival methods now solicit attention—the one organised and equipped, the labour of centuries having been expended in bringing it to its present state of perfection; the other more or less chaotic, but becoming daily less so, and giving signs of enormous power, both as a source of knowledge and as a means of discipline. These two methods are the classical and the scientific. I wish they were not rivals: it is only bigotry and short-sightedness that make them so; for assuredly it is possible to give both of them fair play.

Though hardly authorised to express an opinion upon the subject, I nevertheless hold that the proper study of a language is an intellectual discipline of the highest kind. English grammar was a most important discipline of my boyhood. The piercing through the involved and inverted sentences of *Paradise Lost*, the linking of the verb to its often distant nominative, of the relative to its distant antecedent, of the agent to the object of a transitive verb, of the preposition to the noun or pronoun which it governed, the study of variations in mood and tense, the transpositions often necessary to bring out the true grammatical

structure of a sentence—all this was to my young mind a discipline of the highest value, and a source of unflagging delight.

What, then, has science to offer which is in the least degree likely to compete with such a system? I cannot better reply than by recurring to the grand old story: speaking of the world and all that therein is, of the sky and the stars around it, the ancient writer says, 'And God saw all that He had made and, behold, it was very good.' It is the body of things thus described which science offers to the study of man.

The ultimate problem of physics is to reduce matter by analysis to its lowest condition of divisibility, and force to its simplest manifestations; and then by synthesis to construct from these elements the world as it stands. We are still a long way from the final solution of this problem; and, when the solution comes, it will be one more of spiritual insight than of actual observation. But, though we are still a long way from this complete intellectual mastery of Nature, we have conquered vast regions of it, have learned their politics and the play of their powers. We live upon a ball of 8,000 miles in diameter, swathed by an atmosphere of unknown height. This ball has been molten by heat, chilled to a solid, and sculptured by water. It is made up of substances possessing distinctive properties and modes of action, which offer problems to the intellect, some profitable to the child, others taxing the highest powers of the philosopher. Our native sphere turns on its axis, and revolves in space. It is one of a band which all do the same. It is illuminated by a sun which, though nearly a hundred millions of miles distant, can be brought virtually into our closets and

there subjected to examination. It has its winds and clouds, its rain and frost, its light, heat, sound, electricity, and magnetism. And it has its vast kingdoms of animals and vegetables. To a most amazing extent the human mind has conquered these things, and revealed the logic which runs through them. Were they facts only, without logical relationship, science might, as a means of discipline, suffer in comparison with language. But the whole body of phenomena is instinct with law: the facts are hung on principles, and the value of physical science as a means of discipline consists in the motion of the intellect, both inductively and deductively, along the lines of law marked out by phenomena. As regards the discipline to which I have already referred as derivable from the study of languages—that, and more, is involved in the study of physical science.

I have thus far confined myself to the purely intellectual side of this question. But man is not all intellect. If he were so, science would be his proper nutriment. But he feels as well as thinks; he is receptive of the sublime and beautiful as well as of the true. Indeed, I believe that even the intellectual action of a complete man is, consciously or unconsciously, sustained by an undercurrent of the emotions. It is vain to attempt to separate the moral and emotional from the intellectual. Let a man but observe himself, and he will, if I mistake not, find that, in nine cases out of ten, the emotions constitute the motive force which pushes his intellect into action. The reading of the works of two men, neither of them imbued with the spirit of modern science—neither of them, indeed, friendly to that spirit—has placed me where I find myself today. These men are the English

Carlyle and the American Emerson. I must ever gratefully remember that through three long cold German winters Carlyle placed me in my tub, even when ice was on the surface, at five o'clock every morning—not slavishly, but cheerfully, meeting each day's studies with a resolute will, determined whether victor or vanquished not to shrink from difficulty. I never should have gone through Analytical Geometry and the Calculus had it not been for those men. I never should have become a physical investigator, and hence without them I should not have been where I find myself today. They told me what I ought to do in a way that caused me to do it, and all my consequent intellectual action is to be traced to this purely moral source. To Carlyle and Emerson I ought to add Fichte, the greatest representative of pure idealism. These three unscientific men made me a practical scientific worker. They called out 'Act!' I hearkened to the summons—taking the liberty, however, of determining for myself the direction which effort was to take.

The circle of human nature is not complete without the arc of the emotions. The lilies of the field have a value for us beyond their botanical ones; a certain lightening of the heart accompanies the declaration that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. The sound of the village bell has a value beyond its acoustical one. The setting sun has value beyond its optical one. The starry heavens had for Immanuel Kant a value beyond their astronomical one. I think it very desirable to keep this horizon of the emotions open, and not to permit either priest or philosopher to draw down his shutters between you and it. Here the dead languages, which are sure

to be beaten by science in the purely intellectual fight, have an irresistible claim. They supplement the work of science by exalting and refining the aesthetic faculty, and must on this account be cherished by all who desire to see human culture complete. There must be a reason for the fascination which these languages have so long exercised upon powerful and elevated minds—a fascination which will probably continue for men of Greek and Roman mould to the end of time.

XVII

BY JOHN BRIGHT

WHAT is war? I believe that half the people that talk about war have not the slightest idea of what it is. In a short sentence it may be summed up to be the combination and concentration of all the horrors, atrocities, crimes, and sufferings of which human nature on this globe is capable. But what is even a rumour of war? Is there anybody here who has anything in Government Bonds, or who is the owner of any railway stock, or anybody who has a large stock of raw material or manufactured goods?

Government Bonds have recently gone down 10 per cent. I do not say that the fall is all on account of this danger of war, but a great proportion of it undoubtedly is. A fall of 10 per cent. in Government Bonds is nearly £80,000,000 sterling of value, and railway stock having gone down 20 per cent. makes a difference of £60,000,000 in the value of the railway property of this country. Add the two—£140,000,000—and take the diminished prosperity and value of manufactures of all kinds during the last few months, and you will ^{understate the actual loss} understate the actual loss to the country now if you put it down at £200,000,000 sterling.

But that is merely a rumour of war. That is war a long way off—the small cloud, no bigger than a man's hand—what will it be if it comes nearer and becomes a fact? And surely sane men ought to consider whether the cause is a good one, the ground fair, the necessity clear, before they drag a nation of nearly 30,000,000 of people into a long bloody struggle, for

a decrepit and tottering empire, which all the nations in Europe cannot long sustain.

And mind, war now would take a different aspect from what it did formerly. It is not only that you send out men who submit to be slaughtered, and that you pay a large amount of taxes—the amount of taxes would be but a feeble indication of what you would suffer. Our trade is now much more extensive than it was; our commerce is more expanded, our undertakings are more vast, and war will find you all out at home by withering up the resources of the prosperity enjoyed by the middle and working classes of the country. You would find that war in 1853 would be infinitely more perilous and destructive to our country than it has ever yet been at any former period of our history.

There is another question which comes home to my mind with a gravity and seriousness which I can scarcely hope to communicate to you. You who lived during the period from 1815 to 1822 may remember that this country was probably never in a more uneasy position. The sufferings of the working classes were beyond description, and the difficulties and struggles, and bankruptcies of the middle classes were such as few persons have a just idea of. There was scarcely a year in which there was not an incipient insurrection/ in some parts of the country, arising from the sufferings which the working classes endured.

Well, if you go into war now you will have more banners to decorate your cathedrals and churches. Englishmen will fight now as well as they ever did; and there is ample power to back them if the country ^{element} can be but sufficiently excited and deluded. You may raise up great generals. You may/ have another

Wellington, and another Nelson too; for this country can grow men capable for every enterprise. Then there may be titles, and pensions, and marble monuments to ^{endure, to make it permanent} perpetuate the memory of the men who have thus become great; but what becomes of you and your country, and your children? For there is more than this in store. That seven years to which I have referred was a period dangerous to the existence of Government in this country, for the whole substratum, the whole foundations of society were ^{bad things} discontented, suffering intolerable evils, and hostile in the bitterest degree to the institutions and the Government of the country.

Precisely the same things will come again. ^{be sure} Rely on it, that injustice of any kind, be it bad laws, or be it a bloody, unjust, and unnecessary war, of necessity creates perils to every institution in the country. If the tax on corn had been continued, if it had been impossible by peaceful agitation to abolish it, the monarchy itself would not have survived the ruin and disaster that it must have wrought. And if you go into a war now, with a doubled population, with a vast commerce, and a wider diffusion of partial education among the people, let there ever come a time like the period between 1815 and 1822, when the whole basis of society is upheaving with a sense of intolerable suffering, I ask you, ^{is it possible} how many years' purchase would you give even for the venerable and mild monarchy under which you have the happiness to live? I confess when I think of the tremendous perils into which unthinking men—men who do not intend to fight themselves—are willing to drag or to hurry this country, I am amazed how they can trifle with interests so vast, and consequences so much beyond their calculation.

But, speaking here in Edinburgh to such an audience—an audience probably for its numbers as intelligent and as influential as ever was assembled within the walls of any hall in this kingdom—I think I may put before you higher considerations even than those of property and the institutions of your country. I may remind you of duties more ^{serious} solemn, and of obligations more ^{imperious} imperative. You profess to be a Christian nation. You make it your boast even—though boasting is somewhat out of place in such questions—you make it your boast that you are a Protestant people, and that you draw your rule of doctrine and practice from a well pure and undefiled, the Bible. Within the limits of this island alone, on every Sunday, 20,000, yes, far more than 20,000 temples are thrown open, in which devout men and women assemble that they may worship Him who is the ‘Prince of Peace.’

Is this a reality? or is your religion a ^{false story} romance? Is your profession a dream? No, I am sure that your religion is not a romance, and I am equally sure that your profession is not a dream. It is because I believe this that I appeal to you with confidence, and that I have hope and faith in the future. I believe that we shall see, and at no very distant time, sound economic principles spreading much more widely amongst the people; a sense of justice growing up in a soil which hitherto has been deemed unfruitful, and, which will be better than all—the churches of Britain awaking, as it were, from their slumbers, and girding up their loins to more glorious work, when they shall not only accept and believe in the prophecy, but labour earnestly for its fulfilment, (that there shall come a time—a blessed time—a time which shall last for ever—when nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.)

PART III

MAN AND THE WORLD

XVIII

CIVILIZATION AND ITS EFFECTS ON THE MASS OF THE PEOPLE

BY LORD MACAULAY 2

IN one respect it must be admitted that the progress of civilization has diminished the physical comforts of a portion of the poorest class. It has already been mentioned that, before the Revolution, many thousands of square miles, now enclosed and cultivated, were marsh, forest, and heath. ^{barren elevated ground} Of this wild land much was, by law, common, and much of what was not common by law worth so little that the proprietors suffered it to be common in fact. In such a tract ^{not who say} squatters and trespassers ^{wanderers} were tolerated to an extent now unknown. The peasant who dwelt there could, at little or no charge, procure ^{get} occasionally some palatable addition to his hard fare, ^{good food} and provide himself with fuel for the winter. He kept a flock of geese on what is now an orchard rich with apple blossoms. He snared wild fowl on the fen which has long since been drained and ^{glass} divided into corn fields and turnip fields. He cut turf among the furze bushes on the moor which is now a meadow bright with clover and renowned for butter and cheese. The progress of agriculture and the increase of population necessarily deprived him of these privileges. But against this disadvantage a long list of advantages is to be set off. Of the blessings which civilization and ^{love of} philosophy bring with them a large proportion is common to all ranks, and would, if withdrawn, be missed as painfully by the labourer as by the ^{lord} peer. The market-place which the rustic can now reach with his cart in an

hour was, a hundred and sixty years ago, a day's journey from him. The street which now affords to the artisan, during the night, a secure, a convenient, and a brilliantly lighted walk was, a hundred and sixty years ago, so dark after sunset that he would not have been able to see his hand, so ill paved that he would have run constant risk of breaking his neck, and so ill watched that he would have been in imminent danger of being knocked down and plundered of his small earnings. Every bricklayer who falls from a scaffold, every sweeper of a crossing who is run over by a carriage, may now have his wounds dressed and his limbs set with a skill such as, a hundred and sixty years ago, all the wealth of a great lord like Ormond, or of a merchant prince like Clayton, could not have purchased. Some frightful diseases have been extirpated by science; and some have been banished by police. The term of human life has been lengthened over the whole kingdom, and specially in the towns. The year 1685 was not accounted sickly; yet in the year 1685 more than one in twenty-three of the inhabitants of the capital died. At present only one inhabitant of the capital in forty dies annually. The difference in salubrity between the London of the nineteenth century and the London of the seventeenth century is very far greater than the difference between London in an ordinary year and London in a year of cholera.

Still more important is the benefit which all orders of society, and especially the lower orders, have derived from the mollifying influence of civilization on the national character. The groundwork of that character has indeed been the same through many generations, in the sense in which the groundwork of the character of an individual may be said to be the

same when he is a rude and thoughtless schoolboy and when he is a refined and accomplished man. It is pleasing to reflect that the public mind of England has softened while it has ripened, and that we have, in the course of ages, become, not only a wiser, but also a kinder people. There is scarcely a page of the history or ^{ordinary stories} lighter literature of the seventeenth century which does not contain some proof that our ancestors were less humane than their ^{portion of} posterity. The discipline of workshops, of schools, of ^{portion of} private families, though not more efficient than at present, was infinitely harsher. Masters, well born and bred, were in the habit of beating ^{giving} their servants. Pedagogues knew no way of ^{giving} imparting knowledge but by beating their pupils. Husbands, of decent station, were not ashamed to beat their wives. The ^{unyielding} implacability of ^{political factors} hostile factions was such as we can scarcely conceive. Whigs were disposed to murmur because Stafford was suffered to die without seeing his bowels burned before his face. Tories ^{accused} reviled and insulted Russell as his coach passed from the Tower to the scaffold in Lincoln's Inn Fields. As little mercy was shown by the populace to sufferers of a humbler rank. If an offender was put into the ^{pillory} pillory, it was well if he escaped with life from the shower of brickbats and paving stones. If he was tied in the cart's tail, the crowd pressed round him, imploring the hangman to give it the fellow well, and make him howl. Gentlemen arranged parties of pleasure to Bridewell on court days for the purpose of seeing the wretched women who beat ^{ch} hemp there whipped. A man pressed to death for refusing to ^{argue} plead, a woman burned for ^{counterfeiting} coining, excited less sympathy than is now felt for a galled horse or an overdriven ox. Fights compared with which :

CIVILIZATION

boxing match is a refined and humane spectacle were among the favourite diversions of a large part of the town. Multitudes assembled to see gladiators hack each other to pieces with deadly weapons, and shouted with delight when one of the combatants lost a finger or an eye. The prisons were hells on earth, seminaries of every crime and of every disease. At the assizes the lean and yellow culprits brought with them from their cells to the dock an atmosphere of stench and pestilence which sometimes avenged them signally on bench, bar, and jury. But on all this misery society looked with profound indifference. Nowhere could be found that sensitive and restless compassion which has, in our time, extended a powerful protection to the factory child, to the Hindoo widow, to the negro slave, which pries into the stores and watercasks of every emigrant ship, which winces at every lash laid on the back of a drunken soldier, which will not suffer the thief in the hulks to be ill fed or overworked, and which has repeatedly endeavoured to save the life even of the murderer. It is true that compassion ought, like all other feelings, to be under the government of reason, and has, for want of such government, produced some ridiculous and some deplorable effects. But the more we study the annals of the past, the more shall we rejoice that we live in a merciful age, in an age in which cruelty is abhorred, and in which pain, even when deserved, is inflicted reluctantly and from a sense of duty. Every class doubtless has gained largely by this great moral change: but the class which has gained most is the poorest, the most dependent, and the most defenceless. The general effect of the evidence which has been submitted to the reader seems hardly to admit of

doubt. Yet, in spite of ^{proof} evidence, many will still image to themselves the England of the Stuarts as a more pleasant country than the England in which we live. It may at first sight seem strange that society, while constantly moving forward with eager speed, should be constantly looking backward with tender regret. But these two propensities, ^{exhibits} inconsistent, as they ^{not suited to each} may appear, can easily be resolved into the same principle. Both spring from our impatience of the state in which we actually are. That impatience, while it stimulates us to surpass preceding generations, disposes us to overrate their happiness. It is, in some sense, unreasonable and ungrateful in us to be constantly discontented with a condition which is constantly improving. But, in truth, there is constant improvement precisely because there is constant discontent. If we were perfectly satisfied with the present, we should cease to contrive, to labour, and to save with a view to the future. And it is natural that, being dissatisfied with the present, we should form a ^{more than reflex} too favourable estimate of the past.

^{himself} In truth we are under a deception similar to that which misleads the traveller in the Arabian desert. Beneath the caravan all is dry and bare; but far in advance, and far in the rear, is the ^{appearance} semblance of refreshing waters. The pilgrims hasten forward and find nothing but sand where an hour before they had seen a lake. They turn their eyes and see a lake where, an hour before, they were toiling through sand. A similar illusion seems to ^{appear} haunt nations through every stage of the long progress from poverty and barbarism to the highest degree of ^{happiness} opulence and civilization. But, if we resolutely chase the mirage backward, we shall find it recede before us into the

regions of fabulous ^{ancient times} antiquity. It is now the fashion to place the golden age of England in times when noblemen were destitute of comforts the want of which would be intolerable to a modern footman, when farmers and shopkeepers breakfasted on loaves the very sight of which would raise a riot in a modern workhouse, when to have a clean shirt once a week was a privilege reserved for the higher class of gentry, when men died faster in the purest country air than they now die in the most ^{diseased} pestilential lanes of our towns, and when men died faster in the lanes of our towns than they now die on the coast of Guiana." We too shall, in our turn, be ^{overcome or defeated} outstripped and in our turn be envied. It may well be, in the twentieth century, that the peasant of Dorsetshire may think himself miserably paid with twenty shillings a day; that labouring men may be as little used to dine without meat as they now are to eat ^{hard} rye bread; that sanitary police and medical discoveries may have added several more years to the average length of human life; that numerous comforts and luxuries which are now unknown, or confined to a few, may be within the reach of every ^{hard working, energetic} diligent and thrifty working man. And yet it may then be the mode to assert that the increase of wealth and the progress of science have benefited the few at the expense of the many, and to talk of the reign of Queen Victoria as the time when England was truly merry England, when all classes were bound together by brotherly sympathy, when the rich did not ^{and} grind the faces of the poor, and when the poor did not envy the splendour of the rich.

XIX

THE STAGES OF INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS

BY J. F. REES

INDUSTRY may be said to have passed through four stages. In primitive communities each family would supply its own necessities within the household; there would be no division of labour and no system of exchange. This is the *household* stage. Whether communities progress beyond this point largely depends on geographical conditions. The nomads living on the grass-lands of Central Asia rely on their flocks and herds, and have to move as the grass is consumed. All their wants, food, clothing, and shelter are supplied by the pastoral life: every adult can perform all the operations required by the mode of life, there is no inducement to make accumulations, and contact with the outside world rarely occurs. But the persistence of such rigorous conditions of life is exceptional.

Other communities pass to the second or *handicraft* stage, in which skilled workers make special articles to supply the demands of the community. In the simplest instances the craftsman makes the whole article, though even he must depend on others for the provision of his raw material. Consequently, there emerges a division of labour, which becomes more elaborate in more complicated cases. At the same time the disadvantages of pure barter, that is, the exchange of goods for goods, become apparent, and some form of money as a means of exchange is adopted. The craftsman works for his immediate neighbours, whose wants he can easily estimate. His market is restricted

and a known quantity. With the development of trade it is found that certain localities are best suited for the production of some articles. They begin to specialise in the making of these, or, in other words, the industries become localised. This means that the market is greatly extended and subject to a number of somewhat uncertain factors. Merchants begin to pay particular attention to these questions, and the actual worker becomes increasingly dependent on these middlemen for the supply of raw material and for the marketing of the finished article.

Thus industry passes into the third stage, which is called the *domestic*. The pin-makers in Adam Smith's classical example of the division of labour were working under the domestic system. No doubt a merchant supplied them with the wire, and also paid them so much per pound for the pins they made. It will be noticed that in the particular instance of the 'small manufactory' which he had personally visited, Adam Smith remarks that the men were very poor, and therefore but indifferently accommodated with the necessary machinery. For under the domestic system the workers normally owned or rented the workplace and procured their own tools.

This arrangement gave place to the modern *factory* system—which is the fourth stage—in the second half of the eighteenth century. It must not be supposed, however, that one stage followed another over the whole field of industry at once. There are interesting cases of survivals of all stages at the present day in the most industrialised countries. Households still supply some of their own needs, for instance home-baking; but such examples are becoming rare. Some craftsmen still work for their customers directly, for

instance the village shoemaker. And there are domestic workers here and there, for instance Welsh flannel-makers and hand-loom weavers in the Highlands of Scotland. But the important fact is that machine production is so general that these survivals do not seriously modify the character of the country. The factory system is in the ascendant.

The transition from the domestic to the factory system is to be explained by the invention of machinery and the application of non-human motive power. All this necessitated an outlay which the workpeople could not afford. Nor could they successfully compete against machine-made goods, if they wished to persist in their old methods, for the machine is capable of an almost indefinite multiplication of a simple process, thereby reducing the cost of production of the single unit of any commodity.

So in the place of the merchant middle-man, who was the capitalist of the domestic period, there arose the manufacturer in the modern sense, that is, the capitalist who was able to install machinery and provide motive power. He built the factory and hired labour for which he paid weekly wages. The unit of industry tends to get larger. The first inventions in the textile industries were driven by water-power and the mills were not very large. But early in the nineteenth century the perfection of the steam-engine made it possible to erect more extensive factories. By the end of the century the tendency towards the integration of industry became apparent, that is, a single control is exercised over a whole series of processes originally distinct. The steel works, for instance, provides itself with its own ore and coal, and also controls the output of the finished articles in which steel is used.

It will be noticed that at each successive stage of industrial development division of labour becomes more elaborate. In the modern factory the principle is carried far beyond the limits which Adam Smith described. He had little conception of the disadvantages to which it would give rise. It has in many instances reduced work to a mere mechanical routine which is empty of any interest and palls by its dull monotony. Hence, on the one hand, the plea that something should be done to restore the possibility that the workman should experience the joy of artistic creation by exercising greater initiative, and personally making a whole article rather than spending his days on producing—or attending a machine which produces—an almost infinitesimal part of the whole article; and on the other hand, the claim that the hours of labour should be so limited that the workpeople should have sufficient leisure to repair the damage done by the strain of monotonous employment. If the undoubted advantages of the use of machinery are to be retained, the latter claim must have, in the great majority of employments, the precedence over the former plea. The leisure so obtained also offers opportunities for the workman to equip himself for the discharge of the social and political duties which modern democracies necessarily impose on him.

Division of labour and localisation of industry are really two aspects of the same general principle. Localisation may be called territorial division of labour, each district specialising in the production of that commodity for which it is most suited. And by the means of the use of money each district can secure those commodities which are produced elsewhere in exchange for its own products. Free Trade was

conceived by Richard Cobden as a further extension of this idea. Each country was to specialise in some direction, dictated by its natural resources and geographical position, and freely to exchange its goods for those of other countries.

In the middle of the nineteenth century Great Britain seemed marked out to be the manufacturing country of the world. So it was contended that this country should import food from other countries and pay for it in manufactured articles. Later in the century the industrial resources of other countries were revealed, and the problem was shown to be more complicated. Political considerations were allowed to impede the international division of labour. But the economic truth of the statement that the inhabitants of all countries benefit by the freest possible exchange of commodities cannot be contested. The flow of trade does not recognise political frontiers, because they have been drawn without reference to its rules and the constant alterations in its course as industry develops.

THE VALUE OF WEALTH

BY JOHN RUSKIN

SUPPOSE two sailors cast away on an uninhabited coast, and obliged to maintain themselves there by their own labour for a series of years.

If they both kept their health, and worked steadily and in amity with each other, they might build themselves a convenient house, and in time come to possess a certain quantity of cultivated land, together with various stores laid up for future use. All these things would be real riches or property; and supposing the men both to have worked equally hard, they would each have the right to equal share or use of it. Their political economy would consist merely in careful preservation and just division of these possessions. Perhaps, however, after some time one or other might be dissatisfied with the results of their common farming; and they might in consequence agree to divide the land they had brought under the spade into equal shares, so that each might thenceforward work in his own field, and live by it. Suppose that after this arrangement had been made, one of them were to fall ill, and be unable to work on his land at a critical time—say of sowing or harvest.

He would naturally ask the other to sow or reap for him.

Then his companion might say, with perfect justice, 'I will do this additional work for you; but if I do it, you must promise to do as much for me at another time. I will count how many hours I spend on your ground, and you shall give me a written promise to

work for the same number of hours on mine, whenever I need your help and you are able to give it.'

Suppose the disabled man's sickness to continue, and that under various circumstances, for several years, requiring the help of the other, he on each occasion gave a written pledge to work, as soon as he was able, at his companion's order for the same number of hours which the other had given up to him. What will the positions of the two men be when the invalid is able to resume work?

Considered as a 'Polis' or state they will be poorer than they would have been otherwise: poorer by the withdrawal of what the sick man's labour would have produced in the interval. His friend may perhaps have toiled with an energy quickened by the enlarged need, but in the end his own land and property must have suffered by the withdrawal of so much of his time and thought from them: and the united property of the two men will be certainly less than it would have been if both had remained in health and activity.

But the relations in which they stand to each other are also widely altered. The sick man has not only pledged his labour for some years, but will probably have exhausted his own share of the accumulated stores, and will be in consequence for some time dependent on the other for food, which he can only 'pay' or reward him for by yet more deeply pledging his own labour.

Supposing the written promises to be held entirely valid (among civilized nations their validity is secured by legal measures), the person who had hitherto worked for both might now, if he chose, rest altogether, and pass his time in idleness, not only forcing his companion to redeem all the engagements he had

already entered into, but exacting from him pledges for further labour, to an arbitrary amount, for what food he had to advance to him.

There might not, from first to last, be the least illegality (in the ordinary sense of the word) in the arrangement; but if a stranger arrived on the coast at this advanced epoch of their political economy, he would find one man commercially Rich; the other commercially Poor. He would see, perhaps, with no small surprise, one passing his days in idleness; the other labouring for both, and living sparsely, in the hope of recovering his independence at some distant period.

This is, of course, an example of one only out of many ways in which inequality of possession may be established between different persons, giving rise to the Mercantile forms of Riches and Poverty. In the instance before us, one of the men might from the first have deliberately chosen to be idle, and to put his life in pawn for present ease; or he might have mismanaged his land, and been compelled to have recourse to his neighbour for food and help, pledging his future labour for it. But what I want the reader to note especially is the fact, common to a large number of typical cases of this kind, that the establishment of the mercantile wealth which consists in a claim upon labour, signifies a political diminution of the real wealth which consists in substantial possessions.

Take another example, more consistent with the ordinary course of affairs of trade. Suppose that three men, instead, of two, formed the little isolated republic, and found themselves obliged to separate, in order to farm different pieces of land at some distance from each other along the coast: each estate furnishing a

distant kind of produce, and each more or less in need of the material raised on the other. Suppose that the third man, in order to save the time of all three, undertakes simply to superintend the transference of commodities from one farm to the other; on condition of receiving some sufficiently remunerative share of every parcel of goods conveyed, or of some other parcel received in exchange for it.

If this carrier or messenger always brings to each estate, from the other, what is chiefly wanted, at the right time, the operations of the two farmers will go on prosperously, and the largest possible result in produce, or wealth, will be obtained by the little community. But suppose no intercourse between the landowners is possible, except through the travelling agent; and that, after a time, this agent, watching the course of each man's agriculture, keeps back the articles with which he has been entrusted until there comes a period of extreme necessity for them, on one side or other, and then exacts in exchange for them all that the distressed farmer can spare of other kinds of produce: it is easy to see that by ingeniously watching his opportunities, he might possess himself regularly of the greater part of the superfluous produce of the two estates, and at last, in some year of severest trial or scarcity, purchase both for himself and maintain the former proprietors thenceforward as his labourers or servants.

This would be a case of commercial wealth acquired on the exactest principles of modern political economy. But more distinctly even than in the former instance, it is manifest in this that the wealth of the State, or of the three men considered as a society, is collectively less than it would have been had the mer-

chant been content with juster profit. The operations of the two agriculturists have been cramped to the utmost; and the continual limitation of the supply of things they wanted at critical times, together with the failure of courage consequent on the prolongation of a struggle for mere existence, without any sense of permanent gain, must have seriously diminished the effective results of their labour; and the stores finally accumulated in the merchant's hands will not in any wise be of equivalent value to those which, had his dealings been honest, would have filled at once the granaries of the farmers and his own.

The whole question, therefore, respecting not only the advantage, but even the quantity, of national wealth, resolves itself finally into one of abstract justice. It is impossible to conclude, of any given mass of acquired wealth, merely by the fact of its existence, whether it signifies good or evil to the nation in the midst of which it exists. Its real value depends on the moral sign attached to it, just as sternly as that of a mathematical quantity depends on the algebraical sign attached to it. Any given accumulation of commercial wealth may be indicative, on the one hand, of faithful industries, progressive energies, and productive ingenuities: or, on the other hand, it may be indicative of mortal luxury, merciless tyranny, ruinous chicane. Some treasures are heavy with human tears, as an ill-stored harvest with untimely rain; and some gold is brighter in sunshine than it is in substance.

THE PROGRESS OF THE MECHANICAL ARTS

BY DANIEL WEBSTER

HUMAN sagacity, stimulated by human wants, seizes first on the nearest natural assistant. The power of his own arm is an early lesson among the studies of primitive man. This is animal strength; and from this he rises to the conception of employing, for his own use, the strength of other animals. A stone, impelled by the power of his arm, he finds will produce a greater effect than the arm itself; this is a species of mechanical power. The effect results from a combination of the moving force with the gravity of a heavy body. The limb of a tree is a rude but powerful instrument; it is a lever. And the mechanical powers being all discovered like other natural qualities, by induction (I use the word as Bacon used it), or experience, and not by any reasoning *a priori*, their progress has kept pace with the general civilization and education of nations. The history of mechanical philosophy, while it strongly illustrates, in its general results, the force of the human mind, exhibits, in its details, most interesting pictures of ingenuity struggling with the conception of new combinations, and of deep, intense, and powerful thought, stretched to its utmost to find out, or deduce, the general principle from the indications of particular facts. We are now so far advanced beyond the age when the principal, leading, important mathematical discoveries were made, and they have become so much matter of common knowledge, that it is not easy to feel their importance, or be justly sensible what an epoch in

the history of Science each constituted. The haughty and frantic exultation of Archimedes, when he had solved the problem respecting the crown of Hiero, was on an occasion and for a cause certainly well allowing of very high joy. And so also was the duplication of the cube.

The altar of Apollo, at Athens, was a square block or cube, and to double it required the duplication of the mathematical principle. This was a process involving an unascertained mathematical principle. It was quite natural, therefore, that it should be the subject of traditional story, that by way of atoning for some affront to that god, the oracle commanded the Athenians to *double his altar*; an injunction, we know, which occupied the keen sagacity of the Greek geometricians for more than half a century before they were able to obey it. It is to the great honour, however, of this inimitable people, the Greeks, a people whose genius seems to have been equally fitted for the investigation of science and the works of imagination, that the immortal Euclid, centuries before our era, composed his *Elements of Geometry*; a work which, for two thousand years, has been and still continues to be, a text-book for instruction in that science.

A history of mechanical philosophy, however, would not begin with Greece. There is a wonderland beyond Greece. Higher up in the annals of mankind, nearer, far nearer, to the origin of our race, out of the reach of letters, beyond the sources of tradition, beyond all history except what remains in the monuments of her own art, stands Egypt, the mother of nations! Egypt! Thebes! the Labyrinth! the Pyramids! Who shall explain the mysteries which these names suggest? The Pyramids! Who can inform

us whether it was by mere numbers, and patience, and labour, perhaps aided by the simple lever; or if not, by what forgotten combinations of power, by what now unknown machines, mass was thus aggregated to mass, and quarry piled on quarry, till solid granite seemed to cover the earth and reach the skies?

The ancients discovered many things, but they left many things also to be discovered; and this, as a general truth, is what our posterity, a thousand years hence, will be able to say, doubtless, when we and our generation shall be recorded also among the ancients. For, indeed, God seems to have proposed His material universe as a standing perpetual study to his intelligent creatures; where, ever learning, they can yet never learn all; and if that material universe shall last till man shall have discovered all that is unknown, but which, by the progressive improvement of his faculties, he is capable of knowing, it will remain through a duration beyond human measurement, and beyond human comprehension.

The ancients knew nothing of our present system of arithmetical notation; nothing of Algebra, and, of course, nothing of the important application of Algebra to Geometry. They had not learned the use of Logarithms, and were ignorant of fluxions. They had not attained to any just method for the mensuration of the earth, a matter of great moment to astronomy, navigation, and other branches of useful knowledge. It is scarcely necessary to add, that they were ignorant of the great results which have followed the development of the principle of gravitation.

In the useful and practical arts, many inventions and contrivances, to the production of which the degree of ancient knowledge would appear to us to

have been adequate, and which seem quite obvious, are yet of late origin. The application of water, for example, to turn a mill, is a thing not known to have been accomplished at all in Greece, and is not supposed to have been attempted at Rome till in or near the age of Augustus. The production of the same effect by wind is a still later invention. It dates only in the seventh century of our era. The propulsion of the saw by any other power than that of the arm, is treated as a novelty in England so late as in the middle of the sixteenth century. The Bishop of Ely, ambassador from the Queen of England to the Pope, says he saw, 'at Lyons, a saw-mill driven with an upright wheel, and the water that makes it go is gathered into a narrow trough, which delivereth the same water to the wheels. This wheel hath a piece of timber put to the axletree end, like the handle of a *broch* (a hand organ), and fastened to the end of the saw, which being turned with the force of water, hoisteth up the saw that it continually eateth in and the handle of the same is kept in a rigall of wood from severing. Also the timber lieth, as it were, upon a ladder, which is brought by little and little to the saw by another vice.' From this description of the primitive power-saw, it would seem that it was probably fast only at one end, and that the *broch* and rigall performed the part of the arm in the common use of the hand-saw.

It must always have been a very considerable object for men to possess, or obtain, the power of raising water otherwise than by mere manual labour. Yet nothing like the common suction-pump has been found among rude nations. It has arrived at its present state only by slow and doubtful steps of improvement; and, indeed, in that present state, however obvious

and unattractive, it is something of an abstruse and refined invention. It was unknown in China until Europeans visited the 'Celestial Empire'; and is still unknown in other parts of Asia, beyond the pale of European settlements, or the reach of European communication. The Greeks and Romans are supposed to have been ignorant of it, in the early times of their history; and it is usually said to have come from Alexandria, where physical science was much cultivated by the Greek School, under the patronage of the Ptolemies.

These few and scattered historical notices of important inventions have been introduced only for the purpose of suggesting that there is much which is both curious and instructive in the history of mechanics: and that many things, which to us, in our state of knowledge, seem so obvious that we should think they would at once force themselves on men's adoption, have, nevertheless, been accomplished slowly, and by painful efforts.

But if the history of the progress of the mechanical arts be interesting, still more so, doubtless, would be the exhibition of their present state, and a full display of the extent to which they are now carried. The slightest glance must convince us that mechanical power and mechanical skill, as they are now exhibited in Europe and America, mark an epoch in human history worthy of all admiration. Machinery is made to perform what had formerly been the toil of human hands, to an extent that astonishes the most sanguine, with a degree of power to which no number of human arms is equal, and with such precision and exactness as almost to suggest the notion of reason and intelligence in the machines themselves. Every natural

agent is put unrelentingly to the task. The winds work, the waters work, the elasticity of metal works; gravity is solicited into a thousand new forms of action; levers are multiplied upon levers; wheels revolve on the peripheries of other wheels. The saw and the plane are tortured into an accommodation to new uses; and, last of all, with inimitable power, and 'with whirlwind sound,' comes the potent agency of steam. In comparison with the past, what centuries of improvement has this single agent comprised in the short compass of fifty years! Everywhere practicable, everywhere efficient, it has an arm a thousand times stronger than that of Hercules, and to which human ingenuity is capable of fitting a thousand times as many heads as belonged to Briareus. Steam is found in triumphant operation on the seas; and under the influence of its strong propulsion, the gallant ship

Against the wind, against the tide,
Still steadies with an upright keel.

It is on the rivers, that the boatman may repose on his oars; it is in highways, and exerts itself along the courses of land conveyance; it is at the bottom of mines, a thousand feet below the earth's surface; it is in the mill, and in the workshops of the trades. It rows, it pumps, it excavates, it carries, it draws, it lifts, it hammers, it spins, it weaves, it prints. It seems to say to men, at least to the class of artisans, 'Leave off your manual labour, give over your bodily toil; bestow but your skill and reason to the directing of my power, and I will bear the toil—with no muscle to grow weary, no nerve to relax, no breast to feel faintness.' What further improvements may still be made in the use of this astonishing power it is impossible to know, and it were vain to conjecture. What

we do know is, that it has most essentially altered the face of affairs, and that no visible limit yet appears beyond which its progress is seen to be impossible. If its power were now to be annihilated, if we were to miss it on the water and in the mills, it would seem as if we were going back to rude ages.

THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE

BY LORD AVEBURY

Speak to the earth and it shall teach thee.

The Book of Job.

'And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.'

Shakespeare.

WE are told in the first chapter of Genesis that at the close of the sixth day 'God saw everything that He had made, and, behold, it was very good.' Not merely some things, but every thing; not merely good, but very good. Yet how few of us appreciate the beautiful world in which we live.

Hamerton, in his charming work on *Landscape*, says, 'There are, I believe, four new experiences for which no description ever adequately prepares us, the first sight of the sea, the first journey in the desert, the sight of flowing molten lava, and a walk on a great glacier. We feel in each case that the strange thing is pure nature, as much nature as a familiar English moor, yet so extraordinary that we might be in another planet.' But it would, I think, be easier to enumerate the Wonders of Nature for which description can prepare us, than those which are beyond the power of language.

Many of us, however, walk through the world like ghosts, as if we were in it, but not of it. We have 'eyes and see not.' We must look before we can expect to see. To look is indeed much less easy, than to overlook, and to be able to see what we do see, is

a great gift. Ruskin maintains that 'The greatest thing a human soul ever does in this world is to see something, and tell what it saw in a plain way.' I do not suppose that his eyes are better than ours, but how much more he sees with them!

'To the attentive eye,' says Emerson, 'each moment of the year has its own beauty; and in the same field it beholds every hour a picture that was never seen before, and shall never be seen again. The heavens change every moment and reflect their glory or gloom on the plains beneath.'

The love of Nature is a great gift, and if it is frozen or crushed out, the character can hardly fail to suffer from the loss. I will not, indeed, say that a person who does not love Nature is necessarily bad; or that one who does, is necessarily good, but it is to most minds a great help. Many, as Miss Cobbe says, enter the Temple through the gate called Beautiful.

There are doubtless some to whom none of the beautiful wonders of Nature; neither the glories of the rising or setting sun; the magnificent spectacle of the boundless ocean, sometimes so grand in its peaceful tranquillity, at others so majestic in its mighty power; the forests agitated by the storm, or alive with the song of birds; nor the glaciers and mountains—there are doubtless some whom none of these magnificent spectacles can move, whom 'all the glories of heaven and earth may pass in daily succession without touching their hearts or elevating their minds.'

Such men are indeed pitiable. But, happily, they are exceptions. If we can none of us as yet fully appreciate the beauties of Nature, we are beginning to do so more and more.

For most of us the early summer has a special

charm. The very life is luxury. The air is full of scent, and sound, and sunshine, of the song of birds and the murmur of insects; the meadows gleam with golden buttercups; one can almost see the grass grow and the buds open; the bees hum for very joy, and the air is full of a thousand scents, above all perhaps that of new-mown hay.

The exquisite beauty and delight of a fine summer's day in the country has never perhaps been more truly, and therefore more beautifully described than by Jefferies in his 'Pageant of Summer.' 'I linger,' he says, 'in the midst of the long grass, the luxury of the leaves, and the song in the very air. I seem as if I could feel all the glowing life the sunshine gives and the south wind calls to being. The endless grass, the endless leaves, the immense strength of the oak expanding, the unalloyed joy of finch and blackbird; from all of them I receive a little In the blackbird's melody one note is mine; in the dance of the leaf shadows the formed maze is for me, though the motion is theirs; the flowers with a thousand faces have collected the kisses of the morning. Feeling with them, I receive some, at least, of their fulness of life. Never could I have enough; never stay long enough. . . . The hours when the mind is absorbed by beauty are the only hours when we really live, so that the longer we can stay among these things so much the more is snatched from inevitable Time. . . . These are the only hours that are not wasted—these hours that absorb the soul and fill it with beauty. This is real life, and all else is illusion, or mere endurance. To be beautiful and to be calm, without mental fear, is the ideal of Nature.'

I must not, however, enlarge on the contrast and

variety of the seasons, each of which has its own special charm and interest, as

The daughters of the year
Dance into light and die into the shade.

Our countrymen derive great pleasure from the animal kingdom, in hunting, shooting, and fishing, thus obtaining fresh air and exercise, and being led into much varied and beautiful scenery. Still it will probably ere long be recognised that even from a purely selfish point of view, killing animals is not the way to get the greatest enjoyment from them. How much more interesting would every walk in the country be, if Man would but treat other animals with kindness, so that they might approach us without fear, and we might have the constant pleasure of watching their winning ways. Their origin and history, structure and habits, senses and intelligence, offer an endless field of interest and wonder.

The richness of life is marvellous. Any one who will sit down quietly on the grass and watch a little, will be indeed surprised at the number and variety of living beings, every one with a special history of its own, every one offering endless problems of great interest.

If indeed thy heart were right, then would every creature be to thee a mirror of life, and a book of holy doctrine.

The study of Natural History has the special advantage of carrying us into the country and the open air.

Not but what towns are beautiful too. They teem with human interest and historical associations.

Wordsworth was an intense lover of Nature; yet does he not tell us, in lines which every Londoner

will appreciate, that he knew nothing in Nature more fair, no calm more deep, than the city of London at early dawn?

Earth has not anything to show more fair;
 Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
 A sight so touching in its majesty;
 This city now doth, like a garment, wear
 The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
 Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
 Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
 All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
 Never did sun more beautifully steep
 In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill;
 Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
 The river glideth at his own sweet will;
 Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
 And all that mighty heart is lying still!

Milton also described London as

Too blest abode, no loveliness we see
 In all the earth, but it abounds in thee.

Some of our streets indeed are lines of loveliness, but yet, after being some time in a great city, one longs for the country.

The meanest floweret of the vale,
 The simplest note that swells the gale,
 The common sun, the air, the skies,
 To him are opening paradise.

Here Gray justly places flowers in the first place, for whenever in any great town we think of the country, flowers seem first to suggest themselves.

'Flowers,' says Ruskin, 'seem intended for the solace of ordinary humanity. Children love them; quiet, tender, contented, ordinary people love them as they grow; luxurious and disorderly people rejoice in them gathered. They are the cottager's treasure; and in the crowded town, mark, as with a little broken

fragment of rainbow, the windows of the workers in whose heart rests the covenant of peace.' But in the crowded street, or even in the formal garden, flowers always seem, to me at least, as if they were pining for the freedom of the woods and fields, where they can live and grow as they list.

There are flowers for almost all seasons and all places, flowers for spring, summer and autumn; while even in the very depth of winter here and there one makes its appearance. There are flowers of the fields and woods and hedgerows, of the seashore and the lake's margin, of the mountain-side up to the very edge of the eternal snow. And what an infinite variety they present,

. . . . Daffodils,

That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phoebus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips and
The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one.

Nor are they mere delight to the eye; they are full of mystery and suggestions. They almost seem like enchanted princesses waiting for some princely deliverer.

Wordsworth tells us that

To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

Every colour again, every variety of form, has some purpose and explanation.

And yet, lovely as Flowers are, Leaves add even more to the Beauty of Nature. Trees in our northern

latitudes seldom own large flowers; and though of course there are notable exceptions, such as the Horse-chestnut, still even in these cases the flowers live only a few days, while the leaves last for months.

Every tree indeed is a picture in itself: The gnarled and rugged Oak—the symbol and source of our navy, sacred to the memory of the Druids, the type of strength—is the sovereign of British trees: the Chestnut has beautiful, tapering, and rich green, glossy leaves, delicious fruit, and wood so durable that to it we owe the grand and historic roof of Westminster Hall.

The Birch is the queen of trees, with her feathery foliage, scarcely visible in spring but turning to gold in autumn; the pendulous twigs tinged with purple, and silver stems so brilliantly marked with black and white.

The Beech enlivens the country by its tender green in spring, rich tints in summer, and glorious gold and orange in autumn, set off by the graceful grey stem; and has, moreover, such a wealth of leaves that, as we see in autumn, there are enough not only to clothe the tree itself but to cover the grass below.

If the Beech owes much to its delicate grey stem, quite as beautiful is the reddish crimson of the Scotch Pine, in such charming contrast with the rich green of the foliage, by which it is shown off rather than hidden. Pines, moreover, with the green spires of the Firs, keep the woods warm in winter.

The Elm forms grand masses of foliage which turn a beautiful golden yellow in autumn; and the Black Poplar with its perpendicular leaves, rustling and trembling with every breath of wind, towers over most of our other forest trees.

Nor must I overlook the smaller trees; the Yew with its thick green foliage; the wild Guelder rose, which lights up the woods in autumn with translucent glossy berries and many-tinted leaves; or the Bryonies, the Briar, the Traveller's Joy, and many another plant, even humbler perhaps, and yet each with some exquisite beauty and grace of its own, so that we must all have sometimes felt our hearts overflowing with gladness and gratitude, as if the woods were full of music—as if

The woods were filled so full with song
There seemed no room for sense of wrong.

On the whole, no doubt, woodlands are most beautiful in the summer; yet even in winter the delicate tracery of the branches, which cannot be so well seen when they are clothed with leaves, has a special beauty of its own; while every now and then hoar frost or snow settles like silver on every branch and twig, lighting up the forest as if by enchantment in preparation for some fairy festival.

I feel with Jefferies that 'by day or by night, summer or winter, beneath trees the heart feels nearer to that depth of life which the far sky means. The rest of spirit found only in beauty, ideal and pure, comes there, because the distance seems within touch of thought.'

The general effect of forests in tropical regions must be very different from that of those in our latitudes. Kingsley describes it as one of helplessness, confusion, awe, all but terror. The trunks are lofty and straight, rising to a great height without a branch, so that the wood seems at first comparatively open. In Brazilian forests, for instance, the trees struggle upwards, and the foliage forms an unbroken canopy,

perhaps a hundred feet overhead. Here, indeed, high up in the air is the real life of the forest. Everything seems to climb to the light. The quadrupeds climb, birds climb, reptiles climb, and the variety of climbing plants is far greater than anything to which we are accustomed.

Many savage nations worship trees, and I really think my first feeling would be one of delight and interest rather than of surprise, if some day when I am alone in a wood one of the trees were to speak to me. Even if not enchanted they are enchanting; by day they are mysterious, and this is much more the case at night.

With wood water seems to be naturally associated. Without water no landscape is complete, while overhead the clouds add beauty to the heavens themselves. The spring and the rivulet, the brook, the river, and the lake, seem to give life to Nature, and were indeed regarded by our ancestors as living entities themselves. Water is beautiful in the morning mist, in the broad lake, in the glancing stream, in the river pool, or the wide ocean, beautiful in all its varied moods. It nourishes vegetation; it clothes the lowlands with green and the mountains with snow. It sculpts the rocks and excavates the valleys, in most cases acting mainly through the soft rain, though our harder rocks are till grooved by the ice-chisel of bygone ages.

The refreshing power of water upon the earth is scarcely greater than that which it exercises on the mind of man. After a long spell of work how delightful it is to sit by a lake or river, or on the seashore and enjoy the fresh air, the glancing sunshine on the water, and the ripple of the waves upon sand.

Every Englishman loves the sight of the Sea. We feel that it is to us a second home. It seems to vivify the very atmosphere, so that Sea air is proverbial as a tonic, and the very thought of it makes the blood dance in our veins. The Ocean gives an impression of freedom and grandeur more intense perhaps even than the aspect of the heavens themselves. A poor woman from Manchester, on being taken to the sea-side, is said to have expressed her delight on seeing for the first time something of which there was enough for everybody. The sea coast is always interesting. When we think of the cliff sections with their histories of bygone ages; the shore itself teeming with seaweeds and animals, waiting for the return of the tide, or thrown up from deeper water by the waves; the weird cries of seabirds; the delightful feeling that, with every breath, we are laying in a store of fresh health energy, and even life, it is impossible to over-estimate all we owe to the Sea.

It is, moreover, always changing. We went for our holiday last year to Lyme Regis. Let me attempt to describe the changes in the view from our windows during a single day. Our sitting-room opened on to a little lawn, beyond which the ground dropped suddenly to the sea, while over about two miles of water were the hills of the Dorsetshire coast—Golden Cap, with its bright crest of yellow sand, and the dark blue Lias Cliff of Black Ven. When I came down early in the morning the sun was rising opposite, shining into the room over a calm sea, along an avenue of light; by degrees, as it rose, the whole sea glowed in the sunshine, while the hills were bathed in a violet mist. By breakfast-time all colour had faded from the sea—it was like silver passing on each side

into grey; the sky blue, flecked with fleecy clouds; while, on the gentler slopes of the coast opposite, fields and woods, and quarries and lines of stratification begin to show themselves, though the cliffs were still in shadow, and the more distant headlands still a mere succession of ghosts, each one fainter than the one before it. As the morning advances the sea becomes blue, the dark woods, green meadows, and golden cornfields of the opposite coast more distinct, the details of the cliffs come gradually into view, and fishing-boats with dark sails begin to appear.

Gradually as the sun rises higher, a yellow line of shore appears under the opposite cliffs, and the sea changes its colour, mapping itself out as it were, the shallower parts turquoise blue, almost green; the deeper ones violet.

This does not last long—a thunderstorm comes up. The wind mutters overhead, the rain patters on the leaves, the coast opposite seems to shrink into itself, as if it would fly from the storm. The sea grows dark and rough, and white horses appear here and there.

But the storm is soon over. The clouds break, the rain stops, the sun shines once more, the hills opposite come out again. They are divided now not only into fields and woods, but into sunshine and shadow. The sky clears, and as the sun begins to descend westwards the sea becomes one beautiful clear uniform azure, changing again soon to pale blue in front and dark violet beyond; and once more, as clouds begin to gather again, into an archipelago of bright blue sea and islands of deep ultramarine. As the sun travels westward, the opposite hills change again. They scarcely seem like the same country. What was in sun is now in shade, and what was in shade

now lies bright in the sunshine. The sea once more becomes a uniform solid blue, only flecked in places by scuds of wind, and becoming paler towards evening as the sun sinks, the cliffs which catch his setting rays losing their deep colour and in some places looking almost as white as chalk; while at sunset they light up again for a moment with a golden glow, the sea at the same time sinking to a cold grey. But soon the hills grow cold too, Golden Cap holding out bravely to the last, and the shades of evening settle over cliff and wood, cornfield and meadow.

These are but a part, and a very small part, of the changes of a single day. And scarcely any two days are alike. At times a sea-fog covers everything. Again the sea which sleeps today so peacefully sometimes rages, and the very existence of the bay itself bears witness to its force.

The night, again, varies like the day. Sometimes shrouded by a canopy of darkness, sometimes lit up by millions of brilliant worlds, sometimes bathed in the light of a moon, which never retains the same form for two nights together.

If Lakes are less grand than the sea, they are in some respects even more lovely. The seashore is comparatively bare. The banks of Lakes are often richly clothed with vegetation which comes close down to the water's edge, sometimes hanging even into the water itself. They are often studded with well-wooded islands. They are sometimes fringed with green meadows, sometimes bounded by rocky promontories rising directly from comparatively deep water; while the calm bright surface is often fretted by a delicate pattern of interlacing ripples; or reflects a second, softened, and inverted landscape.

To water, again, we owe the marvellous spectacle of the rainbow—'God's bow in the clouds.' It is indeed truly a heavenly messenger, and so unlike anything else that it scarcely seems to belong to this world.

Many things are coloured, but the rainbow seems to be colour itself.

First the flaming red
Sprang vivid forth; the tawny orange next,
And next delicious yellow; by whose side
Fell the kind beams of all-refreshing green.
Then the pure blue that swells autumnal skies,
Ethereal play'd; and then, of sadder hue,
Emerged the deeper indigo (as when
The heavy-skirted evening droops with frost),
While the last gleamings of refracted light
Died in the fainting violet away.

We do not, I think, sufficiently realise how wonderful is the blessing of colour. It would have been possible, it would even seem more probable, that though light might have enabled us to perceive object, this would only have been by shade and form. How we perceive colour is not yet understood; and yet when we speak of beauty, among the ideas which come to us most naturally are those of birds and butterflies, flowers and shells, precious stones, skies, and rainbows.

Our minds might have been constituted exactly as they are, we might have been capable of comprehending the highest and sublimest truths, and yet, but for a small organ in the head, the world of sound would have been shut out from us; we should have lost all the varied melody of Nature, the charms of music, the conversation of friends, and have been condemned to perpetual silence; a slight alteration

in the retina, which is not thicker than a sheet of paper, not larger than a finger nail, and the glorious spectacle of this beautiful world, the exquisite variety of form, the glow and play of colour, the variety of scenery, of woods and fields, and lakes and hills, seas and mountains, the beauty of the sky alike by day and night, would all have been lost to us.

Mountains, again, 'seem to have been built for the human race, as at once their schools and cathedrals; full of treasures of illuminated manuscript for the scholar, kindly in simple lessons for the worker, quiet in pale cloisters for the thinker, glorious in holiness for the worshipper.' They are 'great cathedrals of the earth, with their gates of rock, pavements of cloud, choirs of stream and stone, altars of snow, and vaults of purple traversed by the continual stars.'

All these beauties are comprised in Tennyson's exquisite description of *Enone's vale*—the city, flowers, trees, river, and mountains.

There lies a vale in Ida, lovelier
Than all the valleys of Ionian hills.
The swimming vapour slopes athwart the glen,
Puts forth an arm, and creeps from pine to pine,
And loiters, slowly drawn. On either hand
The lawns and meadows-ledges midway down
Hang rich in flowers, and far below them roars
The long brook falling thro' the clov'n ravine
In cataract after cataract to the sea.
Behind the valley topmost Gargarus
Stands up and takes the morning; but in front
The gorges, opening wide apart, reveal
Troas and Ilion's column'd citadel,
The crown of Troas.

And when we raise our eyes from earth, who has not sometimes felt 'the witchery of the soft blue sky?' who has not watched a cloud floating upwards as if on its way to heaven?

And yet 'if, in our moments of utter idleness and insipidity, we return to the sky as a last resource, which of its phenomena do we speak of? One says, it has been wet; and another, it has been windy; and another it has been warm. Who, among the whole chattering crowd, can tell me of the forms and the precipices of the chain of tall white mountains that girded the horizon at noon yesterday? Who saw the narrow sunbeam that came out of the south, and smote upon their summits until they melted and mouldered away in a dust of blue rain? Who saw the dance of the dead clouds when the sunlight left them last night, and the west wind blew them before it like withered leaves? All has passed, unregretted as unseen; or if the apathy be ever shaken off, even for an instant, it is only by what is gross, or what is extraordinary; and yet it is not in the broad and fierce manifestations of the elemental energies, not in the clash of the hail, nor the drift of the whirlwind that the highest characters of the sublime are developed.'

But exquisitely lovely as is the blue arch of the midday sky, with its inexhaustible variety of clouds, 'there is yet a light which the eye invariably seeks with a deeper feeling of the beautiful, the light of the declining or breaking day, and the flakes of scarlet cloud burning like watch-fires in the green sky of the horizon.'

The evening colours indeed soon fade away, but as night comes on,

How glows the firmament
With living sapphires! Hesperus that led
The starry host, rode brightest; till the moon
Rising in clouded majesty, at length,
Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

We generally speak of a beautiful night when it is calm and clear, and the stars shine brightly overhead; but how grand also are the wild ways of Nature, how magnificent when the lightning flashes, 'between gloom and glory'; when

From peak to peak, the rattling crags among
Leaps the live thunder.

In the words of Ossian—

Ghosts ride in the tempest to-night;
Sweet is their voice between the gusts of wind,
Their songs are of other worlds.

Nor are the wonders and beauties of the heavens limited by the clouds and the blue sky, lovely as they are. In the heavenly bodies we have before us 'the perpetual presence of the sublime.' They are so immense and so far away, and yet on soft summer nights 'they seem leaning down to whisper in the ear of our souls.'

A man can hardly lift up his eyes towards the heavens,' says Seneca, 'without wonder and veneration, to see so many millions of radiant lights, and to observe their courses and revolutions, even without any respect to the common good of the Universe.'

Who does not sympathise with the feelings of Dante as he rose from his visit to the lower regions, until, he says,

On our view the beautiful lights of heaven
Dawned through a circular opening in the cave,
Thence issuing, we again beheld the stars.

As we watch the stars at night they seem so still and motionless that we can hardly realise that all the time they are rushing on with a velocity far far exceeding any that man has ever accomplished.

Like the sands of the sea, the stars of heaven have ever been used as an appropriate symbol of number, and we know that there are more than 100,000,000; many, no doubt, with planets of their own. But this is by no means all. The floor of heaven is not only 'thick inlaid with patines of bright gold,' but is studded also with extinct stars, once probably as brilliant as our own sun, but now dead and cold, as Helmholtz thinks that our own sun will be some seventeen millions of years hence. Then, again, there are the comets, which, though but few are visible to the unaided eye, are even more numerous than the stars; there are the nebulae, and the countless minor bodies circulating in space, and occasionally visible as meteors.

Nor is it only the number of the heavenly bodies which is so overwhelming; their magnitude and distances are almost more impressive. The ocean is so deep and broad as to be almost infinite, and indeed in so far as our imagination is the limit, so it may be. Yet what is the ocean compared to the sky? Our globe is little compared to the giant orbs of Jupiter and Saturn, which again sink into insignificance by the side of the Sun. The Sun itself is almost as nothing compared with the dimensions of the solar system. Sirius is a thousand times as great as the Sun, and a million times as far away. The solar system itself travels in one region of space, sailing between worlds and worlds; and is surrounded by many other systems at least as great and complex; while we knew that then we have not reached the limits of the Universe itself.

There are stars so distant that their light, though travelling 180,000 miles in a second, yet takes years

to reach us; and beyond all these are other systems of stars which are so far away that they cannot be perceived singly, but even when grouped by thousands appear in our most powerful telescopes only as minute clouds or nebulae.

It is, indeed, but a feeble expression of the truth to say that the infinities revealed to us by Science,—the infinitely great in the one direction, and the infinitely small in the other,—go far beyond anything which had occurred to the unaided imagination of Man, and are not only a never-failing source of pleasure and interest, but lift us above the petty troubles, and help us to bear the greater sorrows, of life.

THE PRESENT AGE

BY WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING

IN looking at our age, I am struck, immediately, with one commanding characteristic, and that is, the tendency in all its movements to expansion, to diffusion, to universality. To this I ask your attention. This tendency is directly opposed to the spirit of exclusiveness, restriction, narrowness, monopoly, which has prevailed in past ages. Human action is now freer, more unconfined. All goods, advantages, helps, are more open to all. The privileged petted individual is becoming less, and the human race are becoming more. The multitude is rising from the dust. Once we heard of the few, now of the many; once of the prerogatives of a part, now of the rights of all. We are looking, as never before, through the disguises, envelopments of rank and classes, to the common nature which is below them; and are beginning to learn that every being who partakes of it has noble powers to cultivate, solemn duties to perform, inalienable rights to assert, a vast destiny to accomplish. The grand idea of humanity, of the importance of man as man, is spreading silently, but surely. Not that the worth of the human being is at all understood as it should be; but the truth is glimmering through the darkness. A faint consciousness of it has seized on the public mind. Even the most abject portions of society are visited by some dreams of a better condition for which they were designed. The grand doctrine, that every human being should have the means of self-culture, of progress in knowledge and virtue, of health, comfort, and happiness, of exercising the powers and affections of

a man; this is slowly taking its place as the highest social truth. That the world was made for all, and not for a few; that society is to care for all; that no human being shall perish but through his own fault; that the great end of government is to spread a shield over the rights of all; these propositions are growing into axioms, and the spirit of them is coming forth in all the departments of life.

If we look at the various movements of our age, we shall see in them this tendency to universality and diffusion. Look, first, at science and literature. Where is science now? Locked up in a few colleges, or royal societies, or inaccessible volumes? Are its experiments mysteries for a few privileged eyes? Are its portals guarded by a dark phraseology, which, to the multitude, is a foreign tongue? No; science has now left her retreats, her shades, her selected company of votaries, and with familiar tone begun the work of instructing the race. Through the press, discoveries and theories, once the monopoly of philosophers, have become the property of the multitude. Its professors, heard, not long ago, in the university or some narrow school, now speak in the mechanics' institute. The doctrine that the labourer should understand the principles of his art, should be able to explain the laws and processes which he turns to account; that instead of working as a machine, he should join intelligence to his toil, is no longer listened to as a dream. Science, once the greatest of distinctions, is becoming popular. A lady gives us conversations on chemistry, revealing to the minds of our youth vast laws of the universe, which, fifty years ago, had not dawned on the greatest minds. The school-books of our children contain grand views of the creation. There are parts of our

country (the United States) in which lyceums spring up in almost every village, for the purpose of mutual aid in the study of natural science. The characteristic of our age, then, is not the improvement of science, rapid as this is, so much its extension to all men.

The same characteristic will appear, if we inquire into the use now made of science. Is it simply a matter of speculation? a topic of discourse? an employment of the intellect? In this case, the multitude, with all their means of instruction, would find in it only a hurried gratification. But one of the distinctions of our time is that science has passed from speculation into life. Indeed, it is not pursued enough for its intellectual and contemplative uses. It is sought as a mighty power, by which nature is not only to be opened to thought, but to be subjected to our needs. It is conferring on us that dominion over earth, sea, and air, which was prophesied in the first command given to man by his Maker; and this dominion is now employed, not to exalt a few, but to multiply the comforts and ornaments of life for the multitude of men. Science has become an inexhaustible mechanician; and by her forges, and mills, and steam cars, and printers' presses, is bestowing on millions not only comforts, but luxuries which were once the distinction of the few.

Another illustration of the tendency of science to expansion and universality may be found in its aims and objects. Science has burst all bonds, and thus it multiplies fields of inquiry for all orders of minds. There is no province of nature which it does not invade. Not content with exploring the darkest periods of human history, it goes behind the birth of the human race, and studies the stupendous changes which our

globe experienced for hundreds of centuries, to become prepared for man's abode. Not content with researches into visible nature, it is putting forth all its energies to detect the laws of invisible and imponderable matter. Difficulties only provoke it to new efforts. It would lay open the secrets of the polar ocean, and of untrodden barbarous lands. Above all, it investigates the laws of social progress, of arts, and institutions of government, and political economy, proposing as its great end the alleviation of all human burdens, the weal of all the members of the human race. In truth, nothing is more characteristic of our age than the vast range of inquiry which is opening more and more to the multitude of men. Thought frees the old bounds to which men used to confine themselves. It holds nothing too sacred for investigation. It calls the past to account, and treats hoary opinions as if they were of yesterday's growth. No reverence drives it back. No great name terrifies it. The foundations of what seems most settled must be explored. Undoubtedly this is a perilous tendency. Men forget the limits of their powers. They question the Infinite, the Unsearchable, with an audacious self-reliance. They shock pious and revering minds, and rush into an extravagance of doubt, more unphilosophical and foolish than the weakest credulity. Still, in this dangerous wildness, we see what I am stating, the tendency to expansion in the movements of thought.

I have hitherto spoken of science, and what is true of science is still more true of literature. Books are now placed within reach of all. Works once too costly except for the opulent are now to be found on the labourer's shelf. Genius sends its light into cottages.

The great names of literature are become household words among the crowd. Every party, religious or political, scatters its sheets on all the winds. We may lament, and too justly, the small comparative benefit as yet accomplished by this agency; but this ought not to surprise or discourage us. In our present stage of improvement, books of little worth, deficient in taste and judgement, and ministering to men's prejudices and passions will almost certainly be circulated too freely. Men are never very wise and select in the exercise of a new power. Mistake, error, is the discipline through which we advance. It is an undoubted fact, that, silently, books of a higher order are taking the place of the worthless. Happily, the instability of the human mind works sometimes for good as well as evil: men grow tired at length even of amusements. Works of fiction cease to interest them, and they turn from novels to books, which, having their origin in deep principles of our nature, retain their hold of the human mind for ages. At any rate, we see in the present diffusion of literature the tendency to universality of which I have spoken.

The remarks now made on literature might be extended to the fine arts. In these we see, too, the tendency to universality. It is said that the spirit of the great artists has died out; but the taste for their works is spreading. By the improvements of engraving, and the invention of casts, the genius of the great masters is going abroad. Their conceptions are no longer pent up in galleries open to but few, but meet us in our homes, and are the household pleasures of millions. Works, designed for the halls and eyes of emperors, popes, and nobles, find their way in no poor representations, into humble dwellings, and

sometimes give a consciousness of kindred powers to the child of poverty. The art of drawing, which lies at the foundation of most of the fine arts, and is the best education of the eye for nature, is becoming a branch of common education, and in some countries is taught in schools to which all classes are admitted.

I am reminded, by this remark, of the most striking feature of our times, and showing its tendency to universality, and that is, the unparalleled and constantly accelerated diffusion of education. This greatest of arts, as yet little understood, is making sure progress, because its principles are more and more sought in the common nature of man; and the great truth is spreading that every man has a right to its aid. Accordingly, education is becoming the work of nations. Even in the despotic government of Europe, schools are open for every child without distinction and not only the elements of reading and writing, but music and drawing are taught, and a foundation is laid for future progress in history, geography, and physical science. The greatest minds are at work on popular education. The revenues of states are applied most liberally, not to the universities for the few, but to the common schools. Undoubtedly, much remains to be done; especially a new rank in society is to be given to the teacher; but even in this respect a revolution has commenced, and we are beginning to look on the guides of the young as the chief benefactors of mankind.

Thus we see, in the intellectual movements of our times, the tendency to expansion, to universality; and this must continue. It is not an accident, or an inexplicable result, or a violence on nature; it is founded in eternal truth. Every mind was made for

growth, for knowledge; and its nature is sinned against when it is doomed to ignorance. The divine gift of intelligence was bestowed for higher uses than bodily labour, than to make hewers of wood, drawers of water, ploughmen, or servants. Every being, so gifted, is intended to acquaint himself with God and His works, and to perform wisely and disinterestedly the duties of life. Accordingly, when we see the multitude of men beginning to thirst for knowledge, for intellectual action, for something more than animal life, we see the great design of nature about to be accomplished; and society, having received this impulse, will never rest till it shall have taken such a form as will place within every man's reach the means of intellectual culture. This is the revolution to which we are tending; and without this all outward political changes would be children's play, leaving the great work of society yet to be done.

THE AIMS OF EDUCATION FOR CITIZENSHIP

BY SIR ERNEST SIMON

THE purpose of education is often stated in some general phrase: to form character; to produce a sound mind in a sound body; the complete and harmonious development of all the powers of personality. Most people would accept any of these definitions because they can be interpreted to mean almost anything. It is easy to agree on the desirability of a 'liberal' education, but when we go on to consider whether this will be best achieved by English or history or science or classics—by a broad curriculum or by specialization—agreement becomes impossible until we have defined our aim more clearly.

The main object which most parents have in mind in wishing to give their children the best possible education, is to enable them to make their way in the world and earn their living. A boy at the end of his education has nowadays to face a difficult world where competition is keen and secure employment difficult to obtain. His chance of success depends largely on the education which he has received. Hence the great importance of vocational education, which seeks to give a man the training, the knowledge, and the skill to enable him to earn a good living.

It is the very strength of the demand for vocational training which causes educationists to lay stress on the inadequacy of a narrow technical training, and to urge the aims of general culture, of a broad training of the mind to cultivate the tastes and stimulate the imagination. They point out that man has today more

leisure than ever before, and that it is the aim of education to enable him to enjoy his leisure time in company with the great minds of the past and present.

These two kinds of education, the vocational and the cultural, are often held to constitute in themselves an adequate and liberal education. But they are, in fact, only the self-regarding aspects of education directed towards an increase of the chances of personal worldly success, or of personal culture and intellectual or artistic enjoyment. They ignore a man's third great function in life: his duty as a member of the community. A man may be splendidly educated as a technician, capable of doing valuable work in his vocation; he may be a profound scholar, an authority on some literary or artistic subject, and yet may be uneducated as a member of the community, knowing nothing and caring nothing about the lives of his fellow citizens, incapable of fulfilling his functions as a responsible citizen of a democratic state.

'His education should make him feel himself to be consciously at one with the community, sharing in its traditions of the past, its life and action in the present, and its aspirations and responsibilities for the future. His daily work will acquire a new significance, when he becomes aware that it may be done for the service of his nation, and, through his nation, of humanity at large.'

It is this third aim of education, education for citizenship, with which it is our purpose to deal in the following pages.

I. THE CRISIS OF CIVILIZATION

Fifty years ago it was generally believed in Western Europe and the United States that the human race was making assured progress towards perfection along the triple paths of science, capitalism, and democracy. Men believed that the standard of living would rise, that leisure would increase; in short that there would be steady progress towards a better social order.

Now all this is changed. It is true that science and productive industry have continued to advance; statisticians tell us that production per head, owing to new inventions and developments, increases by 1 or 2 per cent. each year. But our political control of the whole process is failing. Producers find that there is no demand for their goods; surplus herrings are thrown back into the sea, surplus coffee is burnt. There is not enough demand for the goods that could easily be produced, yet consumers cannot afford to purchase the goods they desire.

The workers have to work long hours and overtime: there is often too much to do. For instance, nearly all teachers would like to do far more for their pupils than they can find time for. And yet, nearly one-fifth of the would-be workers in this country can find no work.

In view of the achievements of science and industry, it ought to be possible for everybody to work, say, six hours a day to have one or two months' holiday in the year, instead of which the majority are so busy that they have little real leisure; the minority have no work at all.

The second great failure is our inability to find

means of making the world secure from war. There is an almost universal demand for peace by the people of the world; elaborate machinery has been set up to secure it, yet there is everywhere doubt whether another great war can be avoided; indeed, many people almost despair of it.

There has never been a time when the world was potentially so rich, yet unemployment and insecurity were so general—there has never been a time when such efforts were made to prevent war, yet the despairing fear of its inevitability was so widespread.

II. THE AUTHORITARIAN REMEDY

The natural reaction to such political failures is to blame the Government, and when the failures continue men begin to blame the form of Government, to talk about 'the depressed and cynical aimlessness of democracy'; to demand action and leadership. In countries where democracy was not based on long-standing tradition it has been replaced by some form of dictatorship. And the dictators are alike in deriding democracy and freedom. As the Nazis say, 'We spit on freedom', 'We think with our blood'.

The main virtue in the citizen of any authoritarian state is discipline: enthusiastic and self-sacrificing obedience. Leadership appeals to much that is instinctive in mankind: docility has been the supreme virtue of citizenship since the days of the Pekin man, perhaps a million years ago. The essence of an authoritarian state in which the greatness of the state becomes the one absolute good is that the Government dreads opposition and free thought and suppresses it by violence. Spies and persecution are inevitable: it is the duty of the citizen to obey; cruelty to human beings

does not count in comparison with duty to the state. The development of British humanitarianism during the last two centuries is in striking contrast with the callous cruelty of the citizens of the new authoritarian states.

One of the most striking features of the new authoritarian states is the complete confidence of their adherents in the just and rightness of their cause. Moreover, the authoritarians do not hesitate to use their full power to inculcate in the growing generation their own political views. The schools, the universities, the press, public speeches, the cinema, the theatre, broadcasting—all conceivable agents of publicity are united to preach the perfection of the state and the wickedness of its opponents. What effect this massed propaganda will have on youth in the long run is one of the most important questions of the next generation. One thing is certain, that it will continue to be used without scruple and without limit by the authoritarian state.

III. THE DEMOCRATIC REMEDY

Citizens in the democratic states tend to be disillusioned and unhappy. But in the United Kingdom the great majority still decisively reject the authoritarian view. They believe that the Fascist ideals, ^{on the surface} superficially attractive to youth, are in fact the deadly enemies of the welfare and progress of mankind, that all that differentiates us from the beasts, all that is noble and fine in human civilization, is due to the free use of the human reason: to the gradual development of methods of discussion and persuasion as opposed to violence; that the disinterested search for the spiritual values of truth, goodness, and beauty is only possible in a state built up and carried on by the co-operation

of free and responsible men and women. They agree that public opinion is far from perfect; but if it is subject to panics it also responds to great ideals as in the early days of President Wilson's visit to Europe.

They regard it as nonsense to talk about the failure of democracy, which is, in fact, giving a better life to the people in this country even today than any dictatorship ever has done anywhere; but they are forced to admit that while democracy worked well in the relatively simple and stable conditions of pre-war days, it is not working nearly as well in the much more difficult conditions of today, which demand a more flexible and scientific form of government than was formerly necessary.

What can be done to improve it? We are concerned here with one remedy: Education. There has been since 1870 an immense increase in the amount of education, and a great improvement in its quality. And yet so great a democrat as Lord Bryce could write a few years ago that the people of England were then no more capable of choosing their leaders than they had been in 1870. Why has education not been more successful in producing citizens fitted to bring about a better social order?

IV. EDUCATION TO-DAY INADEQUATE

The reason seems to us to be simple: we have never given any serious thought to education for citizenship of a democratic state; we are not giving nearly enough education, nor is it generally of the right kind.

In the first place the great majority of boys and girls finish their education at 14 and 16 and get no further formal education. The complexities of the

political problem are such that only an exceptional boy whose education finishes at 16 can be expected to form a sound judgment either on political issues or on the qualities of a candidate.

On the other hand, a boy leaving school at 18, or leaving the university at 21 or 22, can, if properly taught, be given the necessary background of knowledge and the necessary interest in the affairs of the world to give him every opportunity of becoming a good citizen as he gains experience of life.

But even our university graduates have by no means always the qualities of citizenship. It is claimed that any university graduate with a good liberal education should be able to apply his powers and his knowledge to the vocation of citizenship. No doubt this is true in the case of those who, when their formal education is completed, have the time and ability and desire to acquire the necessary knowledge. A man who has done well at Oxford or Cambridge will make a first-class citizen or politician, on one condition: that after he comes down he devotes enough time to studying public affairs. But if he goes into business or a profession in the complex and competitive modern world, the pressure on his time is so great or his interest in public affairs so weak, that in most cases he never does, in fact, learn enough about politics to form independent opinions of his own.

~~Irrelevant~~ ^{or concerned with} learning, of however high a type, does not in itself make a competent citizen. A man who is the highest authority on the use of the Greek particles, or on the latest theories of physical science, is not necessarily capable of forming a sensible opinion about the value of the League of Nations, about the relative merits of Free Trade and Tariff Reform, or even of

judging wisely the type of man who will make the best Member of Parliament or Minister of the Crown.

Unfortunately a large portion of our education is still completely detached from the problems of the modern world. Experience teaches us that a man with a good general education based on languages or science may be, and indeed often is, an excellent father, an excellent business man, and at the same time a bad citizen. It is ^{notorious} ~~notorious~~ that great classical students or great scientists are quite capable of combining the best thinking on their own subject with violent prejudice and complete muddle-headedness on public affairs.

The case we wish to put forward is this: that in the relatively simple society of the nineteenth century when government interfered little with the daily life of the people, indirect education for citizenship was perhaps adequate. Democracy worked fairly well without much specialized training for citizenship, either of the voter or of the statesman. Today things have changed. The political world is so complex and difficult that it is essential to train men just as consciously and deliberately for their duties as citizens as for their vocation or profession.

V. THE CITIZEN OF DEMOCRACY

The authoritarian states seem to have been successful in creating—at least for a time—a high degree of enthusiastic and self-sacrificing devotion among their followers. We cannot expect, or even desire, the same passionate enthusiasm among lovers of reason and liberty, for passion is the enemy of liberty. It is the task of democracy not to imitate the ^{unhealthy} ~~irrational~~ enthusiasm of its enemies but to cultivate reason and

tolerance while combating ^{not finding} cynicism and indifference; to do all it can to foster the steady growth among its citizens of a deep and abiding faith in the justice and rightness of its principles.

Let us consider what qualities a citizen of democracy should have in addition to the qualities that go to make a good father, a good scholar, or a good business man.

(Among the fundamental moral qualities he must have a deep concern for the good life of his fellows. He must have a sense of social responsibility and the will to sink his own immediate interests and the interests of his class in the common good; to do his full share in working for the community.

But these qualities alone might lead to the well-meaning dictator or the unthinking follower. (The citizen of democracy must also be a man of independent judgement; he must respect the individualities of others and therefore be tolerant of opinions in conflict with his own; he must prefer methods of discussion and persuasion to methods of force. 6 .

The citizen of democracy also needs certain intellectual qualities. (It is not enough to love truth; he must learn how to find it.) (It is easy to teach students to reason correctly in the physical sciences; it is much more difficult to teach them to reason correctly in the social sciences where their own prejudices and passions are involved. (They must be taught clear thinking in order that they may acquire the power of recognizing their own prejudices and of discussing political and economic questions with the same calm, the same desire to understand the other person's position, the same precision and absence of overstatement, that they would bring to the discussion of a problem in mathematics.

Further, they must acquire some knowledge of the broad facts of the world of politics and economics: they must know something both of the world of today and of the history of its development. We suggest that the range of interest in the world and its affairs which our education should aim at creating is more or less the range of H. G. Wells's great trilogy on History, Biology, and Economics. Without implying that these books are suitable for school use, we think, that any one who had been led to read them and who found them ~~stimulating~~ ^{interesting} would possess the kind of interest and knowledge which a citizen ought to have in order to form a sound judgement of public affairs.

The average voter can never be expected to form a useful opinion on the many detailed and complex issues of modern politics and economics. He may fervently wish for peace, but he cannot judge the best methods of securing disarmament and co-operation. He may wish for the abolition of unemployment and a better standard of life for all, but can hardly hope to judge in detail how these ends may be gained. [A striking example of the effective working of the right kind of public opinion is given by the history of the housing of the working-classes. One hundred years ago public opinion was indifferent; the most revolting slums were built. Gradually, under the pressure of public opinion, governments began to intervene and improve the standard of housing. Since the War, from the days of the 'Homes for Heroes' campaign, public opinion has insistently demanded the abolition of the slums and the rapid building of new houses until a good house is provided for every family. Housing has become front-page news in the penny press. As a result, every government has taken action,

SOME in one way, some in another. Public opinion has not concerned itself with the particular methods to be adopted in dealing with the housing problem. It has wisely left such matters to the government, who have the benefit of the expert advice of the Civil Service. None the less, it has been the steady pressure of public opinion demanding that the job shall be done somehow which has been effective in greatly increasing the rate of building houses and in securing a new and better standard of working-class housing.

(We believe that in an educated democracy the voter should acquire a number of soundly based convictions on the main political questions of the day. He should recognize that he has responsibilities not only as a citizen of his own country but also as a citizen of the world; that he must be prepared to make sacrifices for international goodwill and co-operation; that there must be equal justice for all; that government should be by discussion and persuasion rather than by force; that every child should be given a fair chance of growing up sound in mind and body, and making the best of its natural faculties. *opportunity* *find*

There is also a further quality which the citizen of democracy must possess: the capacity to choose a good representative and to trust him when chosen. It is not always realized how greatly our political success and stability depend on the integrity of our public life and our public services. The voter must have the right standards as to what one should honour and respect in public men: he must recognize integrity, courage, and ability, and prefer these virtues to the specious qualities of the demagogue.

To sum up, the good citizen of a democratic state must have:

- ①. A deep concern for the freedom and good life of his fellows. *moral avality*
- ②. Such knowledge and power of clear thinking as will enable him to form sound judgements as to the main problems of politics and to decide wisely which party will be most likely to achieve the ends he desires.
- ③. The power to select men of wisdom, integrity, and courage as public representatives, and such knowledge of his own limitations as will dispose him to trust and follow his chosen leaders.

VI. EDUCATION FOR DEMOCRACY

It may be said that the picture we have drawn of the citizen of democracy is an unattainable ideal. We agree that it is an ideal, but we believe that many men and women of this country could be educated to this level. Some people attain such citizenship with little or no formal education: Lincoln may be taken as the outstanding example, but for the majority to reach this level of citizenship must depend, on the one hand, on the gradual building up of an even stronger national tradition of free citizenship than we have today, and on the other of more effective and direct education for citizenship. Clearly the task of the teachers would be made easier if the length of compulsory full-time education were extended and if it were followed by part-time education up to a later age, but even under existing conditions a good start is possible.

We believe that a reasonable proportion of the men and women of this country could, by the right

sort of training and environment, acquire something approaching the qualities we have indicated even under the conditions of today. We believe a democracy with such citizens would gradually but certainly solve the problems of economics and politics which are ^{disparate} ~~baffling~~ us today. We believe that the first great step towards such a democracy lies in giving far more conscious attention throughout our educational system to the problems of the best methods of educating citizens.

THE VOICE OF HUMANITY

My friends, I have been waiting for this moment. When Prof. Formichi asked me to tell him what would be my subject this evening, I said I did not know; for you must understand that I am not a speaker. I am nothing better than a poet. When I speak, I speak with my surroundings and not to my surroundings. Now that I see your kind faces, your silent voice has reached my heart, and my voice will blend with it. When the heart wishes to pay its debt, it must have some coin with the stamp of its own realm upon it—and that is our mother tongue. But I do not know your beautiful language, neither do you know mine. Since, therefore, that medium cannot be used for the commerce of thought and sentiment between you and myself, I have reluctantly to use the English language, ~~which~~ ^{which is} neither yours nor mine. Therefore at the outset, I ask you to forgive me—those of you who do not know this language, as also those of you who do—because my English is a foreigner's English.

Now I know what I am going to speak to you about. It will be in answer to the question as to what was the ^{inspiration} urging that brought me to you across the sea. Some time in 1921 I felt a great desire to make my pilgrimage to the shrine of humanity, where the human mind was fully awake (with all its lamps lighted) there to meet face to face the (Eternal in man). It had occurred to me that this present age was dominated by the European mind only because that mind was fully awake. You all know how the spirit of great Asia is

going through an age-long slumber in the depth of night, with only few lonely watchers to read the stars and wait for the sign of the rising sun across the darkness. So I had this longing to come to Europe and see the human spirit in the full blaze of its power and beauty. Then it was that I took the voyage—my voyage of pilgrimage to Europe—leaving for the moment my own work at Shanti-Niketan and the children I loved.

But this was not my first visit to Europe. In the year 1878, when I was a boy, barely seventeen, I was brought over by my brother to these shores. It will be difficult for you to realize what visions we had in the East, in those days, of this great continent of Europe. Though I was young, and though my knowledge of English was very insufficient, yet I had heard of her great poets and her heroes, of the ideal Europe of literature, so full of the love of freedom and of humanity.

Italy was my first introduction to Europe. In those days the steamers stopped at Brindisi, and I still remember, when we reached the port, it was midnight under a full moon. I came rushing up on deck from my bed, and shall never forget that marvellous scene, enveloped in the silent mystery of the moonlight—the sight of Europe asleep, like a maiden dreaming of beauty and peace. *silent*

It was fortunate for me that Brindisi was a small town, a quiet place, not so aggressively different from the scenes to which I had been accustomed from my childhood. I felt sure that its heart was open to me, to welcome the boy poet, who though young was even in those days a dreamer. I was greatly elated as I left the steamer to pass the night in what I suppose in

these days of progress would be termed a third-rate hotel, having no electric light or other conveniences. I felt that I was in the arms of this great mother Europe and my heart seemed to feel the warmth of her breast.

The next day I woke and, with my brother and an Indian friend, wandered into an orchard close by, a garden of paradise which threatened no punishment against trespassers. Ah, what delight I had that morning in the limpid sunlight, in the hospitality of leaf and fruit and flower! There was an Italian girl there, who reminded me of our Indian maidens, with eyes dark like bees, which have the power to explore the secret honey-cells of love in the lotus of our hearts. (You know, with us the lotus is the emblem of the heart). She was a simple girl with coloured kerchief round her head and a complexion not too white. That is, it was not a pallid lack of complexion. (I wish to be forgiven when I say that the complexion of whiteness is the complexion of the desert, not the complexion of life). Hers was like that of a bunch of grapes caressed by the warm kisses of the sun, the sun which had modulated the beauty of her face, giving it a tender bloom. *changed liveliness.*

I need not dwell at length upon the feelings I experienced; it is enough to say that I was of the impressionable age of seventeen. I felt that I had come to a land of beauty, of repose and joy, which even at that time inspired my mind with the idea that one day I should claim its welcome for me.

With me it was a case of love at first sight; but for my companions it was but a fleeting *passing* moment, so that I was not free to stay, but had to continue the journey with my brother, who wanted me to hasten

to my lessons in English. Being a ^{a student} truant by nature, I had always refused to attend my classes, and thus having become a problem to my elders, they had decided to send me to England to learn under compulsion the language which, according to their notion, would give me the stamp of respectability.

England is a great country, and I pay my homage to the greatness of her people, but I must be excused if I did not appreciate it at the moment. For an Indian boy such as I was, left there alone in the depth of winter when the birds were silent and the sun so miserly with its gifts, the country seemed on every side like a visible spirit of rude refusal. ^{denying even} I was homesick and extremely shy. I was frightened at the sombrely dressed people who stared at me. From my lodging-house, facing Regent's Park, I would gaze with a feeling of bewilderment ^{confusion} at its monotony of leaflessness through the mists, the fogs, and the drizzle. In a word, I was young—too young to enter into the spirit of England at that time. I merely glanced at the surface of things with my distracted heart always yearning for its own nest across the sea.

After a few months' stay, I went back ^{at sea} home to India. But I dare not here give a recital ^{recite} of my idle days which followed to those of you who are young, and for whom the example of a studiously strenuous ^{study hard} life of usefulness would perhaps be more beneficial. I avoided all kinds of educational training that could give me any sort of standardized culture ^{graduate} stamped with a university degree. I dreamt, wrote verses, stories and plays, lived in solitude on the banks of the Ganges, and hardly knew anything of the movements and counter-movements of forces in the great world. ^{is to}

Whilst I was in the midst of my creative work,

THE VOICE OF HUMANITY

^{corner}
there came to me an inner message asking me to come out of my seclusion and seek life in the heart of the crowd. I knew not what I could do. I had a love for children, so that I called them round me, in order to rescue them from the ^{unhappy prisons} dismal dungeons of the educational department, and find for them that atmosphere of sympathy and freedom which they needed most. I chose a beautiful and secluded spot where, in collaboration with Mother Nature, it was possible to bring up these boys in a spirit of wisdom and love. ^{intellect and spirit}

While I was still busy doing service to children I do not know what possessed me all of a sudden. From some far-away sky came to me a call of pilgrimage reminding me that we are all born pilgrims—pilgrims of the green earth. A ^{voice} questioned me: 'Have you been to the sacred shrine where Divinity reveals itself in the thoughts and dreams and deeds of Man?' I thought possibly it was in Europe where I must seek it and know the full meaning of my birth as a human being in this world. And so for the second time I came to this continent. ✓ 9/1/50

But, meanwhile, I had grown up and learnt much of the history of man. I had sighed with the great poet Wordsworth, who became sad when he saw what man had done to man. We too have suffered at the hands of man—not tigers and snakes, not elemental forces of nature, but human beings. Men are ever the greatest enemy of Man. I had felt and known it; all the same, there was a hope, deep in my heart, that I should find some place, some temple, where the immortal spirit of man dwelt hidden like the sun behind clouds.

Yet, when I arrived in the land of my quest, I could not stop the insistent question which kept

troubling me with a sense of despair: 'Why is it that Europe with all her power of mind is racked with unrest? How is it that she is overcome with such a whirlwind of ^{no hope} ~~suspicion~~ and ^{no confidence} ~~jealousy~~ and ^{no love} ~~greed~~? (Why is it that her greatness itself offers a vast field for fiercely contending passions to have their devil-dance in the lurid light of ~~conflagration~~?) ^{big pitiful coastal town in}

When I travelled from Italy to Calais I saw the beautiful scenery on both sides of the railway. These men, I thought, have the ability to love their soil, and what a great power is this love! How they have beautified and made fruitful the whole continent with heroic sacrifice! With the force of their love they have fully won their country for themselves, and this ever-active service of their devotion, for generations, has given rise in them to an irresistible power. For love is the highest human truth, and truth gives fullness of life. The earth is overwhelmed by it, not because of man's covetousness, but because of this life-giving shower of heart and mind which he has poured around him. How he has struggled to eradicate the obstinate barrenness from the inert! How he has fought and defeated at every step the evil in every-thing that was hostile in his surroundings! Why then this dark misery lowering over Europe, why this wide-spread ^{dire} menace of doom in her sky? ^{Why is it that they are too big for}

Because the love for her own soil and children will no longer suffice for her. So long as destiny offered to her only a limited problem, Europe did more or less satisfactorily solve it. Her answer was patriotism, nationalism—that is to say, love only for that and those to whom she happened to be related. According to the degree of truth in this love she has reaped her harvest ^{properly} of welfare. But today, through the help of

science, the whole world has been given to her for a problem. How to answer it in the fulness of truth she has yet to learn. Because the problem has become vast, the wrong answer is ^{ruled} fraught with immense danger.

A great truth has been laid bare to you, and according to your dealing with it you will attain the fulfilment of your destiny. If you do not have the strength to accept it in the right spirit, your humanity will rapidly degenerate; your love of freedom, love of justice, love of truth, love of beauty, will wither at the root: and you will be rejected of God.

Do you not realize how a rigid ugliness is everywhere apparent—in your cities, in your commerce, the same monotonous mask—so that nowhere is there room for a living expression of the spirit? This is the creeping in of death, limb by limb, in the body of your civilization. ^{no recte for love of humanity} ^{gradually}

Love can be patient. Beauty is moulded and matured by patience. Your great artists knew it in the days when they could gladly modulate all the riches of their leisure into some tiny detail of beauty. The greedy man can never do this. Factories are the triumph of ugliness, for no one has the patience to try to give them the touch of grace; and so, everywhere in God's world today, we are faced with what is called progress, a progress towards inhospitable ugliness, towards the ^{greed} ~~greedy~~ ^{with cold} ~~greedy~~ of a bottomless passion which is veracity. Can you call to mind any great voice speaking out of the human heart in these modern days?

We have no doubt reason to be proud of Science. We offer to Europe our homage in return for her gift of science, now ^{given} ~~bequeathed~~ to posterity. ^{and} ~~Our~~ sages have said: 'The Infinite has to be known and realized. For man, the Infinite is the only true source of happi-

ness.' Europe has come face to face with the Infinite in the world of extension, the domain of external Nature.

I do not ^{fight with contempt} cry down the material world. I fully realize that this is the nurse and the cradle of the spirit. By achieving the Infinite in the heart of the material world you have made this world more generous than it ever was. But merely coming to a rich fact does not give us the right to own it. The great Science which you have discovered still awaits your meriting. Through what you have gained outwardly you may become successful, but you may miss/greatness in spite of the success.

Because you have strenuously cultivated your mind in Europe, because of your accuracy of observation and the development of your reasoning faculties, these discoveries you have undoubtedly deserved. But discoveries have to be realized by a complete humanity. Knowing has to be brought under control of Being—before Truth can be fully honoured. But our Being, the fundamental reality in the human world, with which all other truths have to be brought into harmony at any cost, is not within the domain of Science. Truth when not properly treated ^{reason} turns back on us to destroy us. Your very science is thus becoming your destroyer. ✓ 20/11.

If you have acquired a thunderbolt for yourself, you must earn the right arm of a god to be safe. You have failed to cultivate those qualities which would give you full sovereign right over science and therefore you have missed peace. You cry for peace, and only build another frightful machine, some new powerful combination. Quiet may be imposed by outside compulsion for a time, but Peace comes from the inner spirit, from the power of sympathy, the power of self-sacrifice—not of organization.

^{see own nation (narrow race)}
 have great faith in humanity. Like the sun it can be clouded, but never extinguished. I admit that at this time when the human races have met together as never before, the baser elements appear predominant. The powerful are ^{rejoicing} exulting at the number of their victims. They take the name of Science to cultivate the 'schoolboy superstition' that they have certain physical signs indicating their eternal right to rule, as the explosive force of the earthquake once might have claimed, with enough of evidence, its never-ending sway over the destiny of this earth. But they in their turn will be disappointed.

Theirs is the cry of a past that is already exhausted, a past that has thrived upon the exclusive spirit of national individualism which will no longer be able to keep the balance in its perpetual disharmony with its surroundings. Only those races will prosper who, for the sake of their own perfection and permanent safety, are ready to cultivate the spiritual ^{betoners} magnanimity of mind that enables the soul of man to be realized in the great heart of all races.

For men to come near to one another and yet to continue to ignore the claims of humanity is a sure process of suicide. We are waiting for the time when the spirit of the age will be incarnated in a complete human truth and the ^{unity of} meeting of men will be translated into the Unity of Man.

I have come to your door seeking the voice of humanity, which must sound its solemn challenge and over-come the clamour of the greedy crowd of slave-drivers. Perhaps it is already being uttered in whispers behind closed doors, and will grow in volume till it bursts forth in a thundering cry of judgement, and the vulgar shout of brute force is silenced in awe,

NOTES

I. A GENTLEMAN

John Ruskin (1819-1900) exercised a great and many-sided influence in his day and even now he is the source of much stimulus and inspiration. He was a man of many interests and wrote with equal felicity and power about literature, arts, economics, ethics and sociology. In his hands everything he wrote about was transfigured, for his thought moved generally on a high plane and his style was usually rich, eloquent and suggestive. He was an artist, a thinker and a teacher. Specialists in various subjects have taken delight in pointing out his inconsistencies and the self-contradictory nature of his theories, but, when all is said and done, the inspirational quality of his writings is very great. He quickens the moral and aesthetic sensibilities of people to-day as he did those of his own generation. He was a prolific writer and his greatest work, *Modern painters*, is a treatise on Art and Nature in general, though he set out to vindicate in it the qualities of Turner's art. In *The Seven Lamps of Architecture* and *The Stones of Venice* he explained his own theory of art—art which does not obey merely mechanical laws but which reflects natural and spiritual laws. In *Unto This Last*, which influenced Mahatma Gandhi profoundly, he says many pungent and spirited things about modern economics and tells us that the worth of a man is in his soul and not in his money-earning capacity. His lectures published as *Sesame and Lilies* are a noble plea for the reading of great literature. He wrote his autobiography also, but it is a pity it was not completed. We may read any page by Ruskin and we shall find in it his love of beauty, his devotion to Nature, his contempt for what is false and his noble admiration of what is true, all expressed in matchless prose. This extract is taken from *Modern painters* and in it a noble ideal is held up before our eyes.

Homer: One of the greatest epic poets of the world, flourished in Greece about the ninth century B.C.

Atrides: Menelaus, son of Atreus (see the *Iliad*, IV, 147).

David: the second King of Israel.

Ruth: see the Book of Ruth in the Old Testament. She became the wife of Boaz and the ancestress of King David.

Judah: the name of an ancient kingdom in the South of Palestine.

The man.....pity: see Samuel XII, 5, 6.

Nathan: a prophet in the reign of King David. The reference is to his parable of the ewe lamb.

Isaiah: a prophet often mentioned in the Bible.

The vile.....beautiful: see Isaiah XXXII, 5.

II. MODERN GALLANTRY

Charles Lamb (1775-1834), one of the most loving of friends, a devoted brother, a delightful essayist, a discerning critic, is a widely-read author. Some readers are apt to be frightened away by his allusiveness, his quaint phraseology, his coinage of new words, and the occasional oddities of his style, but if one persists only a little, one is bound to be amply recompensed. No one has succeeded more than Lamb in impressing his personality on his writings and it is for his personality that we care most. He was a person who loved to talk about himself, directly as well as indirectly, who liked to reveal almost all the aspects of his personality and who dwelt with much relish on the real or the supposed blemishes of his character. His *Essays of Elia* is therefore a personal record, but it is all coloured by his humour, which is sometimes extravagant and sometimes wistful, by his pathos, which is sometimes gentle and sometimes melting, by his imagination, which can vivify the past and throw over the present a thin veil of romance, and by his fancy, which is very often playful.

He failed as a dramatist, but he could breathe life even into those whom he met casually.

He had a happy knack for describing places and for recounting anecdotes and sometimes in his solemn moments he wrote prose which comes very near good poetry in the profundity of its appeal.

Dorimant: a character in *The Man of Mode* by Etherege, a seventeenth-century English dramatist. He is described as a genteel and witty but light-hearted and pleasure-loving person.

Lothbury: a district of London inhabited by tradesmen.

Presbyterian: one who belongs to a church governed by elders.

Female Eld: an old woman.

Preux Chevalier: a brave knight.

the Sir Calidore: the knight of courtesy, the hero of Book VI of Spenser's 'Fairie Queen.'

the Sir Tristan: the hero of a medieval romance which has many variants.

additaments: additions.

III. ON KEEPING FIT

'On Keeping Fit' and 'On Friendship' are taken from the editorial columns of the Times of London. Such essays appear in that paper every now and then and are known as 'Middles.' They are the work of accomplished and highly practised men of letters who, according to the traditions of a particular kind of journalism, remain unknown. Yet no one who goes through these two essays can fail to be impressed by the seriousness of the tone of the writer and by his high and matured literary gifts. In the first place, these extracts show what noble journalism is capable of achieving. It eschews the superficial, the smart and the tawdry; it does not alarm or shock, dazzle or stupefy. It appeals to what is deep within us and what is a

fundamental part of our nature. All this is expressed with admirable precision and clarity, with real elegance and ease. In fact, these two essays are fine exercises in the art of compression, of saying much in as few words as possible. Again one finds here the real role of a journalist of the Addison type. He is at once spectator and commentator. In 'On Keeping Fit' the writer sees what efforts people make to keep themselves physically fit and from this he goes on to say that we should try to keep ourselves mentally and morally fit. There is the same note of gentle exhortation in 'On Friendship.' In fact, both the essays are remarkable for their sanity and their humanity.

lodestar: a star that guides.

Spartan: a citizen of Sparta which was known for its rigorous discipline and valour; here it means hardy.

Berserk: in Norse mythology the name given to a class of wild warriors known for their great strength and frenzied courage.

Gray spirit.....star: from Ulysses by Tennyson.

ad hoc: arranged for the purpose, special.

Pericles: an Athenian statesman in whose time Athens enjoyed much material prosperity and great intellectual eminence.

Aristotle: a great Greek philosopher whose works have profoundly influenced the world.

IV. ON FRIENDSHIP

Egotism: the habit of speaking too much about oneself; a passionate love of self.

V. HAPPY PEOPLE

William Ralph Inge (1860-) who retired recently from the deanery of St. Paul's is a well-known author and man of letters. He is the writer of several books on

mysticism and of several collections of essays, long and short. From his writings one gathers the impression that he is an extremely well-read man. He is one who has read not only the Bible and the books of mystics and theologians, but who has also come under the influence of some of the best masterpieces of the world. He has thus the reading habit and he reads not only the books of the past but also some of the worth-while books of the present day. He is, however, one of those writers who share their reading with the readers. For instance, even in the essay 'Happy People' he quotes from the Proverbs of Solomon, from the poems of Browning, from Milton, from George Borrow, from Spinoza, from Canon Streeter's Life of Sadhu Sundar Singh, from Napoleon, from Dr. Johnson and from some others. This is a formidable list and repays perusal. Yet, in spite of his varied reading, Dean Inge has always something of his own to say. His quotations come therefore merely as aids to the elucidation and re-inforcement of his own ideas. At the same time, he is always clear, interesting and even provoking. Nor is he always aloof and detached. Even in this essay he gives some valuable glimpses of himself. He is therefore a writer who should be read as much for his opinions as for his values of life.

Solomon: King of Israel, who was the second son of David and Bathsheba. He is credited with great wisdom, though the books to which his name is attached, such as the Proverbs of Solomon, were not written by him.

Robert Browning: One of the greatest poets of the Victorian Age, original, quite often obscure and generally powerful. The reference is to his poem, 'One Word More', which he addressed to his wife.

Old age is 'the best of life': Read 'Rabbi Ben Ezra' by Robert Browning in which he vindicates old age.

the splendid spur: ambition.

George Borrow: (1803-1881), an English writer and traveller who wrote a number of books dealing with his life and travels. *Lavengro* is a mixture of autobiography and fiction and is full of strange and interesting adventures.

The Sermon on the Mount: the discourse of Christ as given in the Gospel of St. Matthew. It is full of lofty moral appeal and contains excellent maxims for human conduct.

Spinoza: (1632-1677), a great Dutch philosopher whose books on politics and ethics have been epoch-making.

tristitia: sadness.

Acedia: sloth and surliness.

Sadhu Sundar Singh: a Christian mystic of rare beauty and holiness of life. Mr. C. F. Andrews has also written a life of him.

St. Francis of Assisi: (1182-1226), an Italian friar of extraordinary purity and of a magnetic personality who founded the Order of Franciscans.

Napoleon: (1769-1784), Emperor of France and one of the greatest conquerors of the world.

Dr. Johnson: (1709-1784), one of the most interesting personalities in English literature. He was a lexicographer, poet, essayist and critic. His life, which is a classic, was written by Boswell, a Scottish lawyer.

the American War: the American War of Independence.

The Hague: in the Netherlands, the seat of an international tribunal.

in the days of the Commonwealth: when Oliver Cromwell was supreme in England.

VI. AMBITION

FAME.....DAYS: from *Lycidas*, an elegy written by Milton.

Lord Ronaldshay: at one time Governor of Bengal; on the death of his father he became the Marquis of Zetland; later he was the Secretary of State for India.

Lord Curzon: one of the most notable and energetic viceroys that India has ever had.

Lord Derby.....Balfour: prominent statesmen.

Schopenhauer: (1788-1860), a pessimistic German philosopher.

Lord Rosebery: a Liberal statesman who rose to be Prime Minister of England.

Benjamin Franklin: (1706-1790), a well-known American philosopher and statesman whose autobiography is a great favourite with readers of all ages.

William James: (1842-1910), an American psychologist and philosopher.

Tiberius: a Roman Emperor.

Lord Haldane: a Liberal statesman and philosopher who died only recently.

No. 10 Downing Street: the residence of the Prime Minister of England.

Sir William Harcourt: (1827-1904), an English Liberal statesman.

VII. ON CONVERSATION

William Cowper (1731-1800) occupies an honoured place in the history of English poetry. He wrote hymns, satires, and a few long poems, but he is remembered chiefly as the writer of short pieces which are characterised by a feeling for nature, simplicity and naturalness of style, pensiveness and a tendency to reflection. He undertook the translation

of Homer, but it was not a great success. He also wrote simple and delightful prose which is best revealed in his letters, the best of their kind. Even in his essays which he wrote occasionally we find his unstudied simplicity, the aptness of his phrasing, his mildly satirical bent of mind and his desire to improve mankind. His gifts of observation are obvious and his playful fancy, which is at times malicious and even cruel, is unmistakable.

Horace: a Roman poet whose satires, odes and critical maxims have kept his memory alive even to this day.

Valet de chambre: a male servant.

Tuilleries: in Paris, the residence of the French Kings.

genteel comedy: this kind of comedy describes the life of aristocracy.

the odd trick and the four honours: these terms are used in keeping the score in a game of whist.

Bacchus: the god of wine.

furbelow: the fringed border of a petticoat.

je-ne-sais-quoi: a French expression which means 'I know not what,' something indescribable.

bon mot: a witticism.

Jig: a dance suited to a quick lively tune.

hurdy-gurdy: a musical instrument, usually played in the streets by turning a handle.

the precept of the Gospel: This is against swearing.

Signora: a title of respect among Italians. When used before a gentleman's name it is spelt Signor.

Westphalia: a province of Prussia.

Low Dutch: the language spoken in the low flat regions of North Holland.

dunghill cock: a cock that crows vigorously from its eminence on a dung-hill.

VIII. ALL ABOUT A DOG

Alpha of the Plough is the pen name of Alfred G. Gardiner, one of the most delightful of contemporary essayists. He was, for some years, editor of the *Daily News*, at one time an influential Liberal daily, and has written some full-length biographies. But he is remembered chiefly as the writer of lively and vivid character-sketches and of essays that throw an interesting light on the life of today. Three things stand out most prominently in the essays he has written. He describes generally the contemporary scene, life as it is lived these days. Even in the essay 'All About a Dog' he describes a happening in a bus, the sort of thing that might happen in any city of the world. But he is not content merely to describe, he also moralises. Yet he does not moralise with an air of superiority, but in a very friendly tone in order to show us how many frictions of life can be avoided if we only keep our good humour and good temper. Nor is there anything vague and indefinite about what he writes. Every actor in this little drama in a bus—from the conductor to the Pekinese dog—is described aptly and significantly.

sealskin: a sealskin coat.

Mr. Wells: H. G. Wells, one of the greatest of the novelists of today, author of *Kipps*, *Tono-Bungay* and several other novels. He died in 1946.

rumpus: a disturbance.

IX. ON GOING A JOURNEY

William Hazlitt (1778–1830), was one of the most interesting, prolific and delightful writers of the early part of the nineteenth century. He was a friend of Lamb, Coleridge and Wordsworth whose pen-pictures he has given in his writings. As a man, he had obvious and damaging flaws in his character such as a disposition to quarrel with

others and an inability to get on with people, but as a writer he is matchless in his own domain. He has a happy gift of words which never fails him. He was a widely-read man and able to quote phrases, sentences and lines from other writers very readily. His writings are therefore interspersed with apt extracts from other writers, and to a reader they do not appear as impertinences but parts of his thought and sentence structure. There is a kind of glow and exaltation about whatever he writes. Though he is sometimes extremely rambling and inconsequential, yet he fills his writings with gems of phrases, sentences of illuminating wisdom, and passages of deep insight. To read him is to have a rich intellectual and emotional experience. His writings can be divided into three classes: those on art, essays on a variety of subjects, and essays in literary criticism. He wrote his autobiography which was not very successful and also a life of Napoleon upon whom he looked as his master.

A friend.....sweet: from Cowper's 'Retirement.'
Tilbury: a smart gig for two, called after a town of that name.

sunken wreck.....from Shakespeare's *Henry V*, Act I, Scene II.

very.....conscience: from Shakespeare's *Othello*, Act I, Scene II.

out.....fellowship: from Shakespeare's *King Henry IV*, Act I, Sc. II

Cobbett: an English writer of the first part of the nineteenth century; author of *Rural Rides*.

Sterne: An eccentric man of letters known for his humour and pathos. Some of his writings—*The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy*—are classics of English fiction.

give.....tongue: from Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, Act I, Sc. II.

Coleridge: the famous Romantic poet, author of 'The Rime of the Ancient Mariner'.

Pindaric Ode: an ode after the manner of the great Greek lyrical poet, Pindar.

that fine madness: from Michael Drayton's 'Poets and Poesy.'

the cup.....from Cowper's 'Task' the reference is to tea.

Sancho: Sancho Panza, the servant of Don Quixote.

Procul.....profani: from Virgil's *Aeneid*, Book VI. (Ye vulgar, avaunt, avaunt!)

a Quaker: a member of the Society of Friends, a religious society, noted for their peaceful principles and quietness of manner and dress.

the West Riding of Yorkshire: Hazlitt likes to meet a man from this part of England, because, on account of his strange dialect, he would not be able to understand him.

'unhoused.....confine': from Shakespeare's *Othello*.

Gribelin's engravings of the cartoons: the famous cartoons of Raphael, the Italian painter, in the Vatican at Rome.

Paul and Virginia: the English translation of the 18th century French novel *Paul et Virginie*.

Camille: a novel by Fanny Burney, published in 1796.

New Eloise: a novel by Rousseau in which the question of the return to nature is discussed.

bonne bouche: a tit-bit, a dainty morsel.

Jura: a picturesque mountain range mostly between France and Switzerland.

Sir Fopling Flutter: a character in *The Man of Mode* by Sir George Etherege, a seventeenth century writer of comedies.

Stonehenge: an interesting circle of prehistoric stones on Salisbury Plain.

The mind.....place: from Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Book I.

Bodleian: the famous Oxford University Library, founded by Sir Thomas Bodley about 1600.

Blenheim: Blenheim Palace, at Woodstock, about seven miles from Oxford, the seat of the Dukes of Marlborough.

Cicerone: an official guide.

X. THE PURPOSE OF ART

Herbert Spencer (1820-1903) was one of the most influential philosophical writers of the nineteenth century. Trained as an engineer, he gave up his vocation in order to devote himself to philosophical inquiry and discussion. He wrote a number of books on biology, sociology, psychology, ethics and education and was looked upon as the founder of evolutionary philosophy. He wrote his autobiography which was published a year after his death. In his book on education he condemned the humanities and said that science should be the chief subject of study. Though he is not held now in very high esteem as a philosopher, yet he is studied with much care. Whatever he wrote was characterised by clarity and vigour and was always thought-provoking. By studying him we can learn how to carry an argument to a successful issue.

Matthew Arnold: a great critic and reputed poet of the Victorian Age.

Holman Hunt: One of the founders of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood and a famous painter.

proem: preface.

Wagner: a great operatic composer.

George Eliot: the famous woman novelist of the Victorian era. She was rated in her own day to be equal to Shakespeare, but now she is looked upon as one of the best of the second-rate novelists of England.

Ernest Newman: a well-known musical critic.

XI. THE BEAUTIFUL

This is a highly suggestive essay. Ruskin, first of all, distinguishes between taste and judgment and then he says that the ideas of beauty are the subjects of moral, but not of intellectual perception. Many theorists of art would like to measure swords with Ruskin on both these points.

XII. THE ART OF WRITING

Sir John Collingwood Squire is one of the most versatile writers of the day. He is well-known as a critic, an essayist, a poet, an editor, a biographer, and a writer of short stories. For several years he edited the *London Mercury*, a literary magazine of repute. He has done several anthologies which show his admirable literary taste and there are several books of essays, critical and otherwise, by him. He has written some poems and parodies also which have a fine distinction about them. It is always a delight to read him for he is one of those writers who never parade their learning and always try to avoid fine writing. He writes like a man of cultivated taste and his style is distinguished by ease, fluency and urbanity.

Tête-à-tête: a private conversation between two persons.

P. G. Wodehouse: a voluminous novelist who has written a large number of amusing novels.

W. W. Jacobs: a civil servant who took to writing and wrote several funny stories about the sea and sailors.

Tennyson: the most representative poet of the Victorian age.

Byron: the most popular poet of the Romantic era.

Mr. Baldwin: Earl Baldwin of Bewdley, formerly Prime Minister of Great Britain.

Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch: He was Professor of English at the University of Cambridge, a critic and a writer of novels and short stories.

Lord Hugh Cecil: one of the most earnest of English statesmen who was a great believer in the League of Nations.

Poe: an American poet and master of the short story, especially the mystery story.

Kipling: a great English poet and writer of stories. His stories dealing with India have a charm of their own.

Baudelaire: a French poet of sombre imagination.

XIII. KING'S TREASURIES

entree: the right of entry.

porticoes: entrances.

Faubourg St. Germain: a part of Paris where the aristocracy lived.

XIV. THE ART OF PUBLIC SPEAKING

Lord Riddell who died only a few years ago was not a man of letters in the strict sense of the term. He was a newspaper magnate, but he was not interested merely in the financial and administrative sides of a newspaper. He looked upon a newspaper as an instrument for moulding public opinion and hence he paid due attention to the literary side of the production of a newspaper as well. In other words, he paid as much attention to the quality of the opinions that a newspaper advocates as to the style in which these are expressed. He had a vigorous and alert mind, broad sympathies, a love of wide reading and the gift of clear thinking and of clear and pointed expression. All these are in evidence in the two extracts given here. These, along with several others, he wrote for a London weekly and they were so popular that they were brought out in book form. Even then the books went into several editions, showing that his articles had satisfied some pressing need of the time. And this they did, for all of them dealt with every-day problems of

vital concern. Lord Riddell touched on these problems in an informal manner, without any trace of pedantry or of affectation and secured a large audience. At the same time, he showed a gift for clear and sustained exposition which holds the attention of the reader.

Milton: one of the greatest of English poets, unrivalled as a writer of epics and distinguished by the loftiness of his thought as well as of his style.

John Bright: an English orator and statesman of the nineteenth century.

T. P. O'Connor: an Irish journalist, critic and politician who was honoured for many years as Father of the House of Commons.

the elder and the younger Pitt: William Pitt, the first Earl of Chatham, known as the Great Commoner, who was a great statesman of the eighteenth century. His son, William Pitt, was also a great statesman and orator.

Fox: an English statesman and orator who lived mostly in the eighteenth century.

Richard Porson: an English scholar of Greek literature and language.

Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Winston Churchill, Earl Balfour, Mr. Bonar Law, Lord Birkenhead: prominent English politicians of recent times. Of these, all except Mr. Winston Churchill are dead.

M. Briand: a great French statesman and orator, several times Prime Minister of France.

Mr. Gladstone: one of the greatest Liberal statemen of the Victorian era.

Cobden: an English statesman and economist of the nineteenth century.

- Quintillian:** a Roman rhetorician and critic.
- Edmund Burke:** an English statesman and orator of the eighteenth century.
- Sheridan:** an Irish dramatist and politician of the eighteenth century.
- Gettysburg Speech:** in which Lincoln gave his famous definition of democracy.
- Au fond:* at bottom, essentially.
- Joseph Chamberlain:** an English statesman who died in 1914.
- Socrates:** a great Greek philosopher, one of the greatest philosophers of the world.
- Cicero:** a Roman man of letters, orator and statesman.
- Foch:** a great French general who commanded the Allied troops in the First Great War.
- George Bernard Shaw:** a living dramatist, well known for the force and power of his genius and style.
- St. Paul:** the first Christian missionary.

XV. THE LAWS OF THOUGHT

- Jevons:** an English logician and political economist of the nineteenth century.
- Mill:** an English philosopher and political economist of the nineteenth century. His autobiography is an interesting book.
- Whately:** an Archbishop of Dublin who was a well-known author.
- Bradley:** an English philosopher.
- Bosanquet:** an English philosopher.

XVI. SCIENCE AND LITERATURE

John Tyndall (1820-1893) was a great physicist and devoted all his life to research and investigation in the domain of science. He wrote a large number of books on

science, some of which were popular in their appeal. Like several scientists who have taken to a popular exposition of science, he wielded a clear, precise and pointed style.

Paradise Lost: the great epic in English by John Milton.

And God.....good: from the Book of Genesis.

Carlyle: a historian, biographer and philosopher of great influence in the Victorian era.

Emerson: an American moral philosopher of lofty idealism.

Fichte: a great German philosopher who advocated transcendentalism and was a disciple of Kant.

Immanuel Kant: a German philosopher who gave a great impetus to the study of philosophy in his day as well as afterwards.

XVII. PEACE

John Bright (1811-89) was the son of a miller and though he went to several schools, he was largely a self-educated person. He took an interest in many public questions, took part in many agitations, was a member of the House of Commons and was also in the Cabinet two or three times. He opposed the Corn Laws until they were repealed, denounced the Crimean War, advocated free trade and opposed Gladstone's Home Rule policy. He was Lord Rector of Glasgow University, and all his life was a great influence in politics. He was a great orator and owed his influence chiefly to his gift of speech. Peace is a very vital question today and though this speech was delivered many, many years ago, its arguments and appeal are as valid today as before. The appeal here is not only to facts, but also to our imagination and moral sensibilities and hence it has not dated. This great speech was delivered before the Crimean War broke out.

the small.....hand: the reference is to the Old Testament, 1 Kings, XVIII, 44.

empire: the reference is to the Turkish Empire as it was then.

Wellington: The Duke of Wellington who defeated Napoleon at the Battle of Waterloo.

Nelson: a great English naval commander.

Prince of Peace: Christ.

When nation.....more: a quotation from Isaiah II, 4.

XVIII. CIVILIZATION AND ITS EFFECT ON THE MASS OF THE PEOPLE

Lord Macaulay (1800-1859) is not much in favour at the present time as a writer or a historian. As a historian he is charged with inaccuracy and partisanship and as a writer he is blamed for being too facile and superficial. In the one he sacrifices truth to generalisations and in the other he lacks subtlety and depth. But whatever it may be, we cannot ignore him. Even as a writer he commands our respect for his colourful, picturesque and pointed style. There is a speed in his writings which carries the reader along and he can make even dull facts interesting. It is true he is very often guilty of overstating his case but in spite of it he is always readable. In this extract he gives us the two basic truths about civilization—it refines and it softens, and these truths he states with such vigour and conviction that they cannot but be impressive.

Ormond: the first Duke of Ormond, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

Strafford: an English statesman who was beheaded in 1640.

Russell: an English patriot who was beheaded in 1683 for his implication in the Rye House Plot.

XIX. THE STAGES OF INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS

This extract is taken from the writings of Mr. J. F. Rees, Lecturer in Economics at the University of Edinburgh. The writer shows admirable facility in presenting the doctrines of economics in easy, everyday language, which is free from forbidding technicalities. This ability to popularize knowledge is a special characteristic of our age and Mr. Rees displays it in a high degree.

Adam Smith: father of the science of political economy. His book *The Wealth of Nations* is a classic.

XX. THE VALUE OF WEALTH

Polis: the Greek word for a city. It means a State, since in Greece all cities were States.

XXI. THE PROGRESS OF THE MECHANICAL ARTS

Daniel Webster (1782–1852) was an American advocate, politician and orator. He is looked upon as the greatest of American orators, for his speeches were characterized by dignity of diction, nobility of sentiment and great emotional appeal. He was a man of powerful imagination who could vivify any subject that he talked about. If his moral courage had been as great as his intellect and imagination, he would have risen to the highest point of human glory, but it is a pity he was always too cautious and too conservative. In this extract he describes graphically the power of steam. It would have been equally interesting to hear him on the power of electricity.

a priori: reasoning from cause to effect.

Archimedes: a great Greek mathematician who contributed much to the theories of mechanics and hydrostatics.

Hiero: Hiero II, king of the Syracusans. He was a patron of the arts, and also a friend and relative of Archimedes.

Apollo: a great Greek god.

rigall: groove.

Alexandria: the capital of Egypt under the Ptolemies. It was founded by order of Alexander the Great in 332 B.C.

Hercules: the strongest man in Greek mythology. He undertook a number of enterprises known as the Twelve Labours of Hercules.

Briareus: a giant, according to Greek mythology, with 100 hands and 50 heads.

XXII. THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE

Lord Avebury (1834-1913) was a banker, naturalist, author and politician. He wrote several books on scientific and economic subjects such as *Ants, Bees and Wasps*, but he is remembered chiefly as the author of *The Pleasures of Life, The Beauties of Nature and The Use of Life* in which he tried to tell people how to live fully and pleasurably. He was an active member of Parliament and was responsible for much legislation that was helpful to the public such as the Bank Holidays Act of 1871. He always wrote delightfully even on such difficult subjects as archaeology, philosophy, statistics and natural history. His books show his wide reading and his happy choice of apt quotations to illustrate his remarks. His style was, on the whole, plain and expressive.

And this our life.....everything: from Shakespeare's *As You Like It*, Act II., Sc. I.

Hammerton: (1834-1894), author of *The Intellectual Life* and books on art.

Miss Cobb: a minor theological and social writer of the nineteenth century.

Jefferies: (1848-1887), wrote several books on country life. **The daughters.....shade:** from Tennyson's 'The Gardener's daughter'.

- If.....doctrine: from *The Imitation of Christ* by Thomas à Kempis, a great devotional book.
- Earth.....: One of the noblest of Wordsworth's sonnets—Composed upon Westminster Bridge.
- Gray: the scholar poet who wrote the world-famous 'Elegy.'
- Daffodils: from Shakespeare's *Winter's Tale*, Act IV, Sc. 3.
- Juno: known as the wife of Jupiter and the queen of heaven.
- Cytherea: The name of Venus, goddess of love. She is so called because she is said to have risen from the sea, near the island of Cythera.
- Phoebus: The sun god.
- The Druids: The priests of the ancient Britons.
- The woods were filled: from Tennyson's 'The Two Voices'.
- Kingsley: a nineteenth century English novelist and historian. This passage is taken from his *At Last*, the description of a voyage to the West Indies.
- First the flaming red: from *The Seasons* by James Thomson, who wrote fine descriptive poetry.
- Oenone: see Tennyson's poem of the same name.
- Ida: the home of the Muses, a mountain in Asia Minor.
- Gargarus: a mountain near Mount Ida.
- Troas: Troy.
- Ilion: the capitol of Troy.
- Hesperus: the evening star. These lines are taken from Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Book IV.
- From peak to peak: from Byron's *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*.
- Ossian: a legendary Scottish warrior poet of the third century. The poems attributed to him were written by James Macpherson.
- Seneca: a Roman philosopher and dramatist who was tutor to Nero.

Dante: a great world poet, author of *The Divine Comedy*, one of the greatest epics of the world.

Thick Inlaid: from Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice*, Act V, Scene I.

Helmholtz: a great German scientist.

XXIII. THE PRESENT AGE

William Ellery Channing (1780–1842) was an American Unitarian clergyman of wide influence. His sermons were famous for their fervour, solemnity and beauty and the same characteristics we can find in this extract. He was a friend of Wordsworth and Coleridge and several American men of letters. He exercised a good influence on literature, especially American, for he stood for the diffusion of the religious spirit through it. He was a mystic and wrote several books. All his writings were characterized by high seriousness and eloquence.

Lyceum: originally a gymnasium outside the city of Athens in which Aristotle taught; now applied to a literary institution, lecture-hall or teaching place.

XXIV. THE AIMS OF EDUCATION FOR CITIZENSHIP

This essay by Sir Ernest Simon, Chairman of the Association for Education in Citizenship and Treasurer of Manchester University, is on a very vital subject, that of teaching the art of citizenship to the future citizens of a democratic country. According to him, citizens are not merely born but made. The art of citizenship has to be learnt like any other art and a democratic country must make provision for teaching it, otherwise a citizen remains at the mercy of demagogues and political spell-binders. The training for citizenship is not merely a training in the art of exercising one's vote, but a training in clear thinking, in forming correct and sound judgments and in patriotism.

Sir Ernest Simon writes very simple, clear and effective prose and his essay is a fine study in the ordered development of a theme.

Nazi: a follower of Hitler's principles of National Socialism.

President Wilson: President of the United States of America during the latter part of the First Great War and afterwards. It was he who formulated the scheme for a League of Nations.

Lord Bryce: a writer on political science and a famous English ambassador to America.

Lincoln: perhaps the most remarkable President of the United States of America, distinguished for his idealism, humanity and practical sense. It was he who freed the Negroes.

XXV. THE VOICE OF HUMANITY

Rabindranath Tagore, poet, educationalist and man of letters, was a world-figure. His poems, especially the *Gitanjali*, are read all over the world and some of his dramas have been staged in various European and American cities. He visited Europe and America several times and some countries of the East and lectured in many places. 'The Voice of Humanity' is an address that was delivered at Milan in Italy. In it, as in other writings of his, he pleads for a spiritual outlook on life, for peace, for the brotherhood of man and for amity among nations. In a word, he is against the competitive, mercantile, and militarist civilization of the West. He also stood for world culture and his *Visva-Bharati* is a centre of international culture. Tagore wrote prose only occasionally, but his is the prose of a poet, sensitive, rhythmic, imaginative and alive with figures, similes and metaphors.

I knew not what I could do: for a description of Santiniketan read another address by Tagore on 'My school.'

